WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," and "The Invisible Man"

Copyright, 1899, by HARPER AND BROTHERS, in the United States of America)

CHAPTER I.

INSOMNIA

ONE afternoon, at low water, Mr. Isbister, a young artist lodging at Boscastle, walked from that place to the picturesque cove of

Pentargen, desiring to examine the caves there. Half way down the precipitous path to the Pentargen beach he came round a mass of rock upon a man in an attitude of profound distress. This man was seated on a projecting ledge of slate, his hands hung limply over his knees, his eyes were red, and his face was wet with tears.

At Isbister's footfall he glanced round. Both men were disconcerted, Isbister the more so, and, to override the awkwardness of his involuntary pause, he remarked, with an air of mature conviction, that the weather was hot for the

time of year.

"Very," answered the stranger shortly, hesitated a second, and added in a colourless tone, "I can't sleep."

Isbister stopped abruptly. "No?" was all he said, but his bearing conveyed his helpful impulse.

"It may sound incredi-ble," said the stranger, turning weary eyes to Isbister's face and emphasizing his words with a languid hand, "but I have had no sleep-no sleep at all for six nights."

"Had advice?"

"Yes. Bad advice for the most part. Drugs. My They are all very well for the run of people. It's hard to explain. I dare not take . . . sufficiently powerful drugs."

"That makes it difficult," said Isbister.

He stood helplessly in the narrow path, perplexed what to do. Clearly the man wanted to talk. An idea natural enough under the circumstances, prompted him to keep the conversation going. "I've never suffered from sleeplessness myself," he said in a tone of commonplace gossip, "but in those cases I have known people have usually found something-

"I dare make no experi-

ments."

He spoke wearily. He gave a gesture of rejection, and for a space both men were silent.
"Exercise?" suggested

Isbister dithdently, with a glance from his interlocutor's face of wretchedness to the touring costume he wore.

"That is what I have tried. Unwisely perhaps. I have followed the coast, day after day-from New Quay. It has only added muscular fatigue to the mental. The cause of this

unrest was overwork—trouble. There was something— He stopped as if from sheer fatigue. He rubbed his forehead with a lean hand. He resumed speech like one who talks to himself.

"I was a lone wolf, a solitary man, wandering through a world in which I had no part. I was wifeless, childless—who is it speaks of the childless as the dead twigs on the tree of life? I was wifeless, childless-I could find no duty to do. No desire even in my. heart. One thing at last I set myself to do.

"I said, I will do this, and to do it, to overcome the inertia of this dull body, I resorted to drugs. Great God, I've had enough of drugs! I don't know if you feel the heavy inconvenience of the

and then come drowsiness and sleep. Men seem to live for sleep How little of a man's day is his own-even at the best! And then come those false friends, those Thug helpers, the alkaloids that stifle natural fatigue and kill rest—black coffee, cocaine——"

"I see," said Isbister.

"I did my work," said the sleepless man, with a querulous intonation.

"And this is the price?"
"Yes." For a little while the two

remained without speaking. "You cannot imagine the

craving for rest that I feel, a hunger and thirst. For six long days, since my work was done, my mind has been a whirlpool, swift, unprogressive, and incessant, a torrent of thoughts leading nowhere, spinning round swift and steady——" He paused. "Towards the gulf."

"You must sleep," said Isbister decisively, and with the air of a remedy discovered. "Certainly you must sleep."

"My mind is perfectly lucid. It was never clearer. But I know I am drawing towards the vortex. Pre-

sently—"
"Yes?"

"You have seen things go down an eddy? Out of the light of the day, out of this sweet world of sanitydown-

"But," expostulated Isbister.

The man threw out a hand towards him, and his eyes were wild, and his voice suddenly high. "I shall kill myself. If in no other way—at the foot of yonder dark precipice there, where the waves are green, and the white surge lifts and falls, and that little thread of water patters down. There at any rate is sleep."
"That's unreasonable,"

said Isbister, startled at the man's hysterical gust "Drugs are of emotion. better than that,"

"There at any rate is sleep," repeated the stranger, not heeding him.
Isbister looked at him

and wondered transitorily if some complex Providence had indeed brought them together that afternoon. "It's not a cert., you know," he remarked.
"There's a cliff like that at Lulworth Cove-as high, anyhow-and a little girl fell from top to bottom. And lives to-day—sound and well."

"But those rocks there-

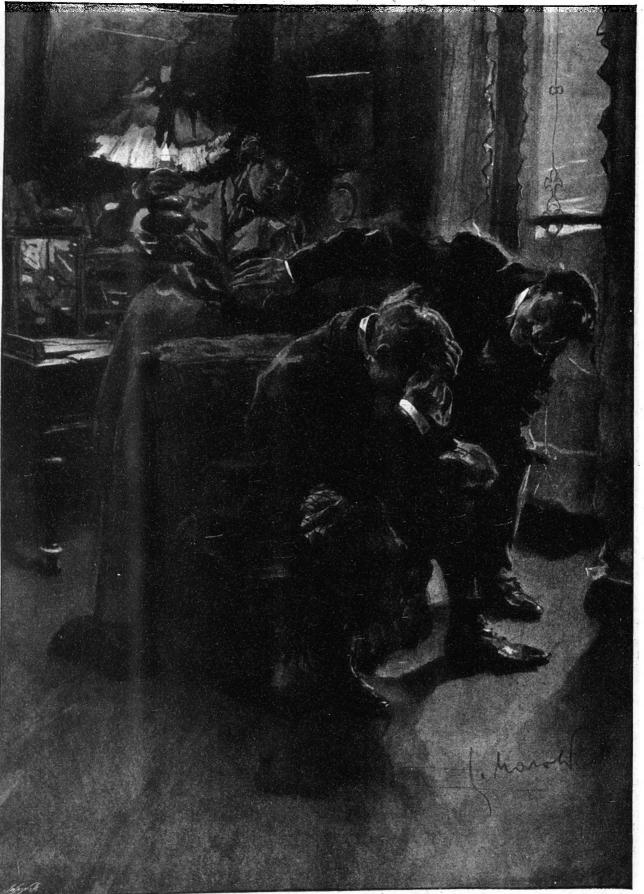
"One might lie on them rather dismally through a cold night, broken bones grating as one shivered, chill water splashing over you. Eh?"

Their eyes met. "Sorry to upset your ideals," said Isbister with a sense of devil-may-careish brilliance. "But a suicide over that cliff (or any cliff for the matter of that) really, as

an artist-" He laughed. "It's so damned amateurish." "But the other thing,—the other thing. No man can keep sane if night after night-

"Have you been walking along this coast alone?"

body, its exasperating demand of time from the mind-time-life! Live! We only live in patches. We have to eat, and then come the dull digestive complacencies—or irritations. We have to take the air or else our thoughts grow sluggish, stupid, run into gulfs and blind alleys. A thousand distractions arise from within and without,



HE RETURNED TO THE MOTIONLESS SEATED FIGURE AS HIS ASTONISHED LANDLADY ENTERED WITH THE LIGHT

DRAWN BY L. MAROLD

"Silly sort of thing to do. If you'll excuse my saying so. Alone! As you say; body fag is no cure for brain fag. Who told you to? No wonder! Walking! And the sun on your head, heat, fag, solitude, all the day long, and then, I suppose, you go to bed and try very hard-eh?"

Isbister stopped short and looked at the sufferer doubtfully. "Look at these rocks!" cried the seated man with a sudden force of gesture. "Look at that sea that has shone and quivered there for ever! See the white spume rush into darkness under that

He turned his head and showed a ghastly face, bloodshot pallid eyes and bloodless lips. He spoke almost in a whisper. "It is the garment of my misery. The whole world . . . is the garment

Isbister looked at all the wild beauty of the sunlit cliffs about of my misery." them and back to that face of despair. For a moment he was

He started, and made a gesture of impatient rejection. "You silent. get a night's sleep," he said, "and you won't see much misery out here. Take my word for it."

He was quite sure now that this was a providential encounter. Only half an hour ago he had been feeling horribly bored. Here was employment the bare thought of which was righteous self-applause. He took possession forthwith. It seemed to him that the first need of this exhausted being was companionship. He flung himself down on the steeply sloping turf beside the motionless seated figure, and deployed forthwith into a skirmishing line of gossip.

His hearer seemed abruptly to have lapsed into apathy; he stared dismally seaward, and spoke only in answer to Isbister's direct questions-and not to all of those. But he made no sign of objection to this benevolent intrusion upon his despair.

In a helpless way he seemed even grateful, and when presently Isbister, feeling that his unsupported talk was losing vigour, suggested that they should reascend the steep and return towards Boscastle, alleging the view into Blackapit, he submitted quietly. Half way up he began talking to himself, and abruptly turned a ghastly face on his helper. "What can be happening?" he asked, spin, spin, spin. It goes round and round, round and round for evermore."

He stood with his hand circling.
"It's all right, old chap," said Isbister with the air of an old friend. "Don't worry yourself. Trust to me."

The man dropped his hand and turned again. They went over the brow in single file and to the headland beyond Penally, with the sleepless man gesticulating ever and again, and speaking fragmentary things concerning his whirling brain. At the headland they stood for a space by the seat that looks into the dark mysteries of Blackapit, and then he sat down. Isbister had resumed his talk whenever the path had widened sufficiently for them to walk abreast. He was enlarging upon the complex difficulty of making Boscastle Harbour in bad weather, when suddenly and quite irrelevantly his companion interrupted him again.

"My head is not like what it was," he said, gesticulating for want of expressive phrases. "It's not like what it was. There is a sort of oppression, a weight. No-not drowsiness, would God it were! It is like a shadow, a deep shadow falling suddenly and swiftly across something busy. Spin, spin into the darkness. tumult of thought, the confusion, the eddy and eddy. I can't express it. I can hardly keep my mind on it-steadily enough to tell you."

He stopped feebly.

"Don't trouble, old chap," said Isbister. "I think I can understand. At any rate, it don't matter very much just at present about telling me, you know."

The sleepless man thrust his knuckles into his eyes and rubbed them. Isbister talked for awhile while this rubbing continued, and then he had a fresh idea, "Come down to my room," he said, "and try a pipe. I can show you some sketches of this Blackapit. If you'd care?" The other rose obediently, and followed him down the steep.

Several times Isbister heard him stumble as they came down, and his movements were slow and hesitating. "Come in with me," said Isbister, "and try some cigarettes and the blessed gift of alcohol. If you take alcohol?"

The stranger hesitated at the garden gate. He seemed no longer clearly aware of his actions. "I don't drink," he said, slowly coming up the garden path, and after a moment's interval repeated absently, "No-I don't drink. It goes round. Spin, it goes-spin-

He stumbled at the doorstep and entered the room with the bearing of one who sees nothing.

Then he sat down abruptly and heavily in the easy chair, seemed almost to fall into it. He leant forward with his brows on his

hands and became motionless. Presently he made a faint sound in his throat. Isbister moved about the room with the nervousness of an inexperienced host, making little remarks that scarcely required answerin

the room to his portfolio, placed it on the table, and noticed the "I don't know if you'd care to have supper with me," he said with an unlighted cigarette in his hand—his mind troubled with a design of the furtive administration of chloral. "Only cold mutton, you know, but passing sweet. Welsh. And a tart, I believe." He

repeated this after momentary silence. The seated man made no answer. Isbister stopped, match in hand, regarding him.

The stillness lengthened. The match went out, the cigarette was put down unlit. The man was certainly very still. Isbister took up the portfolio, opened it, put it down, hesitated, seemed about to speak. "Perhaps," he whispered doubtfully. He glanced at the door and back to the figure. Then he stole on tiptoe out of the room, glancing at his companion after each elaborate pace.

He closed the door noiselessly. The house door was standing open, and he went out beyond the porch, and stood where the monkshood rose at the corner of the garden bed. From this point he could see the stranger through the open window, still and dim, sitting head on hand. He had not moved.

A number of children going along the road stopped and regarded

the artist curiously. A boatman exchanged civilities with him. He felt that possibly his circumspect attitude and position seemed peculiar and unaccountable. Smoking, perhaps, might seem more natural. He drew pipe and pouch from his pocket, filled the pipe

"I wonder," he said, with a scarcely perceptible loss of complacency. "At any rate one must give him a chance." He struck

a match, and proceeded to light his pipe. Presently he heard his landlady behind him, coming with his lamp lit from the kitchen. He turned, gesticulating with his pipe, and stopped her at the door of his sitting-room. He had some difficulty in explaining the situation in whispers, for she did not know She retreated again with the lamp, still a little mystified to judge from her manner, and he resumed his hovering at the corner of the porch, flushed and less at his ease.

Long after he had smoked out his pipe, and when the bats were abroad, his curiosity dominated his complex hesitations, and he stole back into his darkling sitting-room. He paused in the doorway. The stranger was still in the same attitude, dark against the window. Save for the singing of some sailors aboard one of the little slate-carrying ships in the harbour, the evening was very still. Outside, the spikes of monkshood and delphinium stood erect and motionless against the shadow of the hillside. Something flashed into Isbister's mind; he started, and leaning over the table, listened. An unpleasant suspicion grew stronger; became conviction. Astonishment seized him and became-dread.

No sound of breathing came from the seated figure! He crept slowly and noiselessly round the table, pausing twice to listen. At last he could lay his hand on the back of the armchair.

He bent down until the two heads were ear to ear. Then he bent still lower to look up at his visitor's face. He started violently and uttered an exclamation. The eyes were void spaces of white.

He looked again and saw that they were open and with the pupils rolled under the lids. He was suddenly afraid. Overcome by the strangeness of the man's condition, he took him by the shoulder and shook him. "Are you asleep?" he said, with his voice jumping into alto, and again, "Are you asleep?"

A conviction took possession of his mind that this man was He suddenly became active and noisy, strode across the room, blundering against the table as he did so, and rang the bell.

"Please bring a light at once," he said in the passage. "There

is something wrong with my friend."

Then he returned to the motionless seated figure, grasped the shoulder, shook it, and shouted. The room was flooded with yellow glare as his astonished landlady entered with the light. His face was white as he turned blinking towards her. "I must fetch a doctor at once," he said. "It is either death or a fit. Is there a doctor in the village. Where is a doctor to be found?"

CHAPTER II.

THE TRANCE

THE state of rigour into which the man had fallen lasted for an unprecedented length of time, and then he passed on slowly to the flaccid state, to a lax attitude suggestive of profound repose. Then it was his eyes could be closed.

He was removed from the hotel to the Boscastle surgery, and from the surgery, after some weeks, to London. But he still resisted every attempt at reanimation. After a time, for reasons that will appear later, these attempts were discontinued. For a great space he lay in that strange condition, inert and still-neither dead nor living but, as it were, suspended, hanging midway between nothingness and existence. His was a darkness unbroken by a ray of thought or sensation, a dreamless inanition, a vast space of peace. The tumult of his mind had swelled and risen to an abrupt climax of silence. Where was the man? Where is any man when insensibility takes hold of him?
"It seems only yesterday," said Isbister. "I remember it all as

though it happened yesterday-clearer, perhaps, than if it had happened vesterday."

It was the Isbister of the last chapter, but he was no longer a young man. The hair that had been brown and a trifle in excess of the fashionable length, was iron grey and clipped close, and the face that had been pink and white was buff and ruddy. He had a pointed beard shot with grey. He talked to an elderly man who wore a summer suit of drill (the summer of that year was unusually hot). This was Warming, a London solicitor and next of kin to Graham, the man who had fallen into the trance. And the two men stood side by side in a room in a house in London regarding his

recumbent figure.

It was a yellow figure lying lax upon a water bed and clad in a flowing shirt, a figure with a shrunken face and a stubby beard, lean limbs, and lank nails, and about it was a case of thin glass. This glass seemed to mark off the sleeper from the reality of life about him, he was a thing apart, a strange, isolated abnormality. The two men stood close to the glass, peer

"The thing gave me a shock," said Isbister. "I feel a queer sort of surprise even now when I think of his white eyes. They were white, you know, rolled up. Coming here again brings it all

"Have you never seen him since that time?" asked Warming. "Often wanted to come," said Isbister; "but business nowadays is too serious a thing for much holiday keeping. I've been in

"If I remember rightly," said Warming, "you were an artist?" "Was. And then I became a married man. I saw it was all up with black and white, very soon-at least for a mediocre man, and I jumped on to process. Those posters on the Cliffs at Dover are by

"Good posters," admitted the solicitor, "though I was sorry to see them there."

"Last as long as the cliffs if necessary," exclaimed Isbister, with satisfaction. "The world changes. When he fell asleep, twenty years ago, I was down at Boscastle, with a box of water-colours and a noble, old-fashioned ambition. I didn't expect that some day my pigments would glorify the whole blessed coast of England from Land's End round again to the Lizard. Luck comes to a man very often when he's not looking."

Warming seemed to doubt the quality of the luck. "I just missed meeting you, if I recollect aright."

issed meeting you, is the trap that took me to Camelfor Hway station. It was close on the Jubilee, Victoria's Jubilee, station. It was at and flags in Westminster, and the row A to the cabman at Chelsea."

"The Diamond Jubilee it was," said Warming; "the econd

"Ah, yes! At the proper Jubilee—the Fifty Year affair I was down at Wookey—a boy. I missed all that. What a fuss we had with him! My landlady wouldn't take him in, wouldn't let him stay—he looked so queer when he we had to carry him in a chair up to the hotel. Boscastle doctor-it wasn't the present chap, but the him-was at him until nearly two, with me and the silord holding lights and so forth."

"It was a cataleptic rigour at first, wasn't it?" "Stiff!-wherever you bent him he stuck. You stood him on his head and he'd have stopped. I ner

stiffness. Of course this "—he indicated the prostratemovement of his head—"is quite different. And, of little doctor-what was his name?" Smithers?"

"Smithers it was—was quite wrong in trying to fetch too soon, according to all accounts. The things he round now it makes me feel all-ugh ! Mustard, snuff, price one of those beastly little things, not dynamos-"Induction coils."

"Yes. You could see his muscles throb and jum, and he twisted about. There was just two flaring yellow candles and all the shadows were shivering, and the little doctor mer and putting on side, and him-stark and squirming in the medicatural ways. Well, it made me dream."

Pause.

"It's a strange state," said Warming.
"It's a sort of complete absence," said Isbister. body, empty. Not dead a bit, and yet not alive. It's line a seat vacant and marked 'engaged.' No feeling, no digestion, to beating of the heart—not a flutter. That doesn't make me feel a lithere was a man present. In a sense it's more dead than death, be these doctors tells me that even the hair has stopped growing. Now with the proper dead, the hair will go on growing-

"I know," said Warming, with a flash of pain in his ey resion. They peered through the glass again. Graham was indeed in a strange state, in the flaceid phase of a trance, but a trance unprecedented in medical history. Trances had lasted for as much as a year before-but at the end of that time it had ever been a waking or a death; sometimes first one and then the other. Isbister noted the marks the physicians had made in injecting nourishment, for that device had been resorted to to postpone collapse; he pointed them out to Warming, who had I cen trying not to see them.

"And while he has been lying here," said Isbister, with the zest of a life freely spent, "I have changed my plans in life; married, raised a family, my eldest lad-I hadn't begun to think of sons then-is an American citizen, and looking forward to leaving Harvard. There's a touch of grey in my hair. And this man, not a day older nor wiser (practically) than I was in my downy days. It's curious to think of."

Warming turned. "And I have grown old too. I played cricket with him when he was a boy. And he looks a young man still. Yellow perhaps. But that is a young man neverthere.

"And there's been the War," said Isbister.

" From beginning to end."

"I've understood," asked Isbister, "that he had some moderate property of his own?"

"That is so," said Warming. He coughed primly. "As it

happens-I have charge of it." "Ah!" Isbister thought, hesitated and spoke: "No designation is keep here is not expensive-no doubt it will have improved-

accumulated?" "It has. He will wake up very much better off the much better off-if he wakes-the" when he slept."

"As a business man," said Isbister, "that thought has a rally been in my mind. I have, indeed, sometimes thought the steaking commercially, of course, this sleep may be a very govern him. That he knows what he is about, so to speak, in the sible so long. If he had lived straight on-

"I doubt if he would have premeditated as much," said Weming. "He was not a far-sighted man. In fact-

"We differed on that point. I stood to him somewhat is the relation of a guardian. You have probably seen enough distriction to recognise that occasionally a certain frictionthat was the case, there is a doubt whether he will expressed This sleep exhausts slowly, but it exhausts. Apparently he slowly, very slowly and tediously, down a long slope, it can understand me?"

"It will be a pity to lose his surprise. There's been change these twenty years. It's Rip Van Winkle come re"It's Bellamy," said Warming. "There has been a

said Warming. "There has been a change certainly. And, among other changes, I have change am an old man."

Isbister hesitated, and then feigned a belated surprishouldn't have thought it." "I was forty-three when his bankers—you remember you wired

to his bankers-sent on to me." «I got his address from his cheque book in his pock desid

Isbister. "Well, the addition is not difficult," said Warming.

There was another pause, and then Isbister gave was and unavoidable curiosity. "He may go on for years yet," he say and had a moment of the had a moment of hesitation. "We have to consider that affairs your to the state of affairs, you know, may fall some day into the hands of second else, you know, else, you know."

"That, if you will believe me, Mr. Isbister, is one of the problems most constantly before my mind. We happen to be as a matter of fact, there are no very trustworthy connexions crosses. It is a greatest and the second seconds. It is a grotesque and unprecedented position."

"It is," said Isbister. "As a matter of fact, it's a case for a public trustee, if only we had such a functionary."

"It seems to meit's a case for some public body, some practically undying guardian. If he really is going on living—as the doctors, some of them, think. As a matter of fact, I have gone to one or two public men about it. But, so far, nothing has been done.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to hand him over to some public body -the British Museum Trustees, or the Royal College of Physicians. Sounds a bit odd, of course, but the whole situation is odd."

"The difficulty is to induce them to take him."

"Red tape, I suppose?"

"Partly."
Pause. "It's a curious business, certainly," said Isbister. "And compound interest has a way of mounting up.'

"It has," said Warming. "And now the gold supplies are running short there is a tendency towards . . . appreciation."
"I've felt that," said Isbister with a grimace. "But it makes it

better for him.'

"If he wakes." "If he wakes," echoed Isbister. "Do you notice the pinchedin look of his nose, and the way in which his eyelids sink?

"I doubt if he will wake."

"I never properly understood," said Isbister, "what it was brought this on. He told me something about overstudy. I've often been curious."

"He was a man of considerable gifts, but spasmodic, emotional. He had grave domestic troubles, divorced his wife in fact, and it was as a relief from that, I think, that he took up politics of the rabid sort. He was a fanatical Radical—a Socialist. Overwork upon a controversy did this for him. I remember the pamphlet he wrote a curious production. Wild, whirling stuff. There were one or two prophecies. Some of them are already exploded, some of them are established facts. But for the most part to read such a thesis is to realise how full the world is of unanticipated things. He will have much to learn, much to re-learn when he wakes. If ever a waking comes.'

"I'd give anything to be there," said Isbister, "just to hear

"So would I," said Warming. "Aye! so would I," with an old man's sudden turn to self pity. "But I shall never see him wake." He stood looking thoughtfully at the waxen figure. "He will never wake," he said at last. He sighed. "He will never wake again."

(To be continued)

A Children's Banquet

For the fifth year in succession a large number of the poorest boys and girls in London were provided with a Christmas dinner on Tuesday evening at the Guildhall, the requisite funds having been collected by Mr. Alderman Treloar. This year the number entertained was about 1,300, the selection, as in former years, having been left to Mr. John Kirk, of the Ragged School Union, who chose the guests from all parts of London. The dinner consisted of roast beef, potatoes, bread, milk, and Christmas I udding, with oranges and apples for dessert. Altogether there was provided over 1,000 lb. of meat, 6 cwt. of potatoes, 300 quarterns of bread, 735 lb. of pudding, 500 gallons of milk, and an apple and an orange for every child. Shortly before the conclu-ion of the dinner the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs attended in State, and walked round the tables. An entertainment, consisting of music and songs, brought the evening

Mr. B. G. Wells

Or the younger schools of writers few indeed have sprung into a success as sudden and as well deserved as Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of our new serial. It is but a few years since one knew no more of his writing or personality than that an anonymous contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette was enlivening that paper with a series of delightful little sketches which stood out on its pages no less for their insistent humour than for their shrewd observation. In time one learned that the sup-positious nephew—whose "Conversations with an Uncle" so



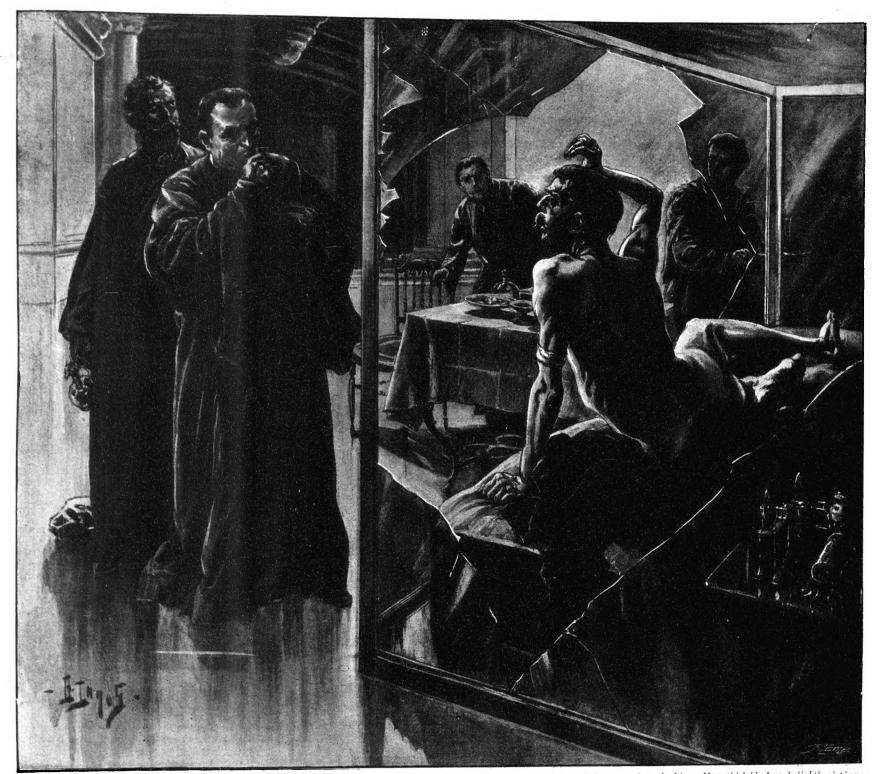
MR. H. G. WELLS Author of "When the Sleeper Wakes," our new Serial Story

attracted all who can appreciate the advent of a new master of fiction-was Mr. H. G. Wells, sometime schoolmaster, science lecturer and coach-a newcomer who had graduated under Mr. W. E. Henley on the old Scots Observer in its palmy, brilliant days, and had drifted into journalism and literature on account of ill-health. But once started Mr. Wells did not stay in the by-roads of literature. Under his old mentor, Mr. Henley, then editing the New Review, he scored his first notable success, "The Time Machine," which ran through that periodical, establishing his reputation at once as a very original thinker capable of presenting his imaginings in most enthralling form. In the four years since that date Mr. Wells has not been idle, and although a slow writer and most unsparing critic of his own work, the shelf which contains his books has received many notable additions. "The Wonderful Visit" showed him in a fresh light, and suggested that, given health and opportunity, there might be no limit to the possibilities of the new writer, for Mr. Wells is a young man, and to the young all things are possible. If "The Island of Dr. Moreau" scarcely encouraged this view, it was, at least, such a vivid and powerful study of the gruesome as no other of his generation could have conceived or accomplished. "The Wheels of Chance," a bicycling story in lighter vein; "The Invisible Man," another quaintly humorous production, but full of shrewd character sketches and amazingly clever pseudo-science, and "The War of the Worlds," the story of the invasion of the world by the strange inhabitants of Mars; these, with several volumes of short stories and essays, comprise the bulk of Mr. Wells's contributions to literature. His experiences as reviewer, dramatic critic (for a short period), and science student have doubtless done something towards developing his views, but, putting all else aside, Mr. Wells stands out as a most original and daring writer, with a brain so active in its imaginings that at times one fancies he must see the whole future of the world written on the scroll of his fancy, right ahead to the day when the earth's fires shall have grown cold, and it shall revolve like some barren moon unenlivened on its dreary way by the vagaries of the teeming life upon its surface. Mr. Wells has been compared to Jules Verne, and certainly there are points of resemblance; but whereas the great Frenchman is content to deal with advance science merely, and rarely makes his characters humanly interesting, the author of "When the Sleeper Wakes" has the same faculty for evolving scientific dreams, always based, it should be said, on sound or, at least, plausible reasoning, and at the same time makes his people intensely human and interesting as beings distracted by hopes and fears and sorrows and torn by very human passions-in no sense chessmen working out a mechanical problem. The pathos and the humour of "The Wonderful Visit," which one may perhaps consider up to this latest story as his most promising achievement, were of a very high order. It is easy to be funny, but to produce that laughter which is akin to tears, to touch lightly and at the same time with profound suggestiveness the strings of love and hope and kindly humour is only within the province of the few, and that is why one looks to Mr. Wells with such high augury for the future. Of the story which commences this week it is not necessary to say much. It is a prophetic glimpse into the future, dealing with the possible remarkable developments of human relations and conditions of life, and those who read the first chapter will feel at once the author's remarkable grip of his subject and be keen to follow out its dramatic possibilities. Our portrait is from a photograph by Mayall and Newman, Brighton.

THE late Countess of Rosebery owned a book of autographs of altogether exceptional interest, says The Golden Penny. At her special request each writer had added to his or her signature a typical sentiment, proverb, or verse. Lady Rosebery showed the book to Matthew Arnold when he visited Aston Clinton, and the great poet gave an amusing description of it in a letter written directly afterwards to his daughter. "The Queen," he says, "has written Tennyson's stanza, 'Tis better to have loved and lost,' in her very best and boldest hand. Then the Prince of Wales has written a long rigmarole out of a French author about L'Amour; the Princess 'Plus penser ue dire' and 'Plutot mourir que changer; each of the two Princesses a sentiment, and the two Princes—that of Prince George being 'Little things on little wings bear little souls to heaven. Other notable autographs in this book were those of Gladstone, who wrote a verse from Wordsworth; Lord Salisbury, who added to his signature a German proverb; Lord Granville, whose contribution is described by Arnold as "some very poor verses;" and Sir John Millais, who wrote a capital impromptu.



THE CHILDREN'S DINNER AT THE GUILDHALL: THE LORD MAYOR WALKING ROUND THE TABLES



Losking over his shoulder Graham saw approaching a very short, fat, and thickset beardless man, with aquiline nose and heavy neck and chin. Very thick black and slightly sloping cycbrows that almost met over his nose, and overhung deep grey eyes, gave his face an oilly formidishe expression. He scowled momentarily at Graham"

SLEEPER WAKES WHEN THE

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," and "The Invisible Man"

ILLUSTRATED BY H LANOS

Copyright, 1899, by HARPER AND BROTHERS, in the United States of America)

CHAPTER III.

THE AWAKENING

WHAT a wonderfully complex thing that simple seeming unitythe self! Who can trace its redintegration as morning after morning we awaken, the flux and confluence of its countless factors interweaving, rebuilding, the dim first stirrings of the soul, the sub-conscious to diwning consciousness, until at last we recognise ourselves again. And as it happens to most of us after the night sleep, so it was with Graham at the end of his vast slumber. A dim cloud of sensation taking shape, a cloudy dreariness, and he found himself vaguely somewhere, recumbent, faint, but alive.

That pilgrimage towards a personal being again seemed to traverse vast gulis, to occupy epochs. Gigantic dreams that were terrible realities at the time, left vague perplexing memories, strange creatures, strange scenery, as if from another planet. There was a distant impression, too, of a momentous conversation, of a namehe could not tell what name—that was subsequently to recur, of some queer, long-forgotten sensation of vein and muscle, of a feeling of vast hopeless effort, the effort of a man near drowning in darkness. Then came a panorama of dazzling unstable confluent

The texture that wove at last through the half-light of dreaming to wakefulness, shaped a definite picture of dark masses of cliff, a black shadow of caves at the foot of them, into which the green

sea water foamed and vanished, and a cleft in the rocky front and a thin plume of cascade quivering in the wind. There was a sense of intolerable misery linked with this, he was looking down on it, and for some reason he had to fling himself forward, was in fact flinging himself forward, floating down swifter and swifter. A man appeared against the background saying things that were troublesome to hear and in someway arresting that downward swoop. There was a grey distress in this obstruction. The stranger spread

out and grew impalpable, and the vision had passed.

Graham became aware that this was either a memory or a in a dream, not present at any rate in spite of its vividness, and that his eyes were open and regarding some unfamiliar thing.

It was something white, the edge of something, a frame of wood. He moved his head slightly, following the contour of this shape. It went up beyond the top of his eyes. He tried to think where he might be. Did it matter, seeing he was so wretched? The colour of his thoughts was a dark depression. He felt the featureless misery of one who wakes towards the hour of dawn.

He had an uncertain sense of whispers and footsteps hastily

The movements of his head involved a perception of extreme physical weakness. He supposed he was in bed in the hotel at the place in the valley-but he could not recall that white edge. He must have slept. He remembered now that he had wanted to sleep. He recalled the cliff and waterful again, and then recollected something about talking to a passer-by. .

I ow long had he slept? What was that sound of pattering

feet? And that rise and fall, like the murmur of breakers on pebbles? He put out a languid hand to reach his watch from the chair whereon it was his habit to place it, and touched some smooth, hard surface like glass. This was so unexpected that it started him extremely. Quite suddenly he rolled over, stared for a moment, and struggled into a sitting position. The effort was unexpectedly difficult, and it left him giddy and weak—and

He rubbed his eyes. The riddle of his surroundings was connis n benefited him. He was not in a bed at all as he understood the word, but lying naked on a very soft and yielding mattress, apparently an air mattress, in a trough of dark glass. The mattress was partly transparent, a fact he observed with a strange sense of insecurity, and below it was a mirror reflecting him greyly. About his arm-and he saw with a shock that his skin was strangely dry and yellow-was bound a curious apparatus of rubber, bound so cunningly that it seemed to pass into his skin above and below. And this strange bed was placed in a case of greenish coloured glass (as it seemed to him), a bar in the white framework of which had first arrested his attention. In the corner of the case was a stand of glittering and delicately made apparatus, for the most part quite strange appliances, though a maximum and minimum thermometer was recognisable.

The slightly greenish tint of the glass-like substance which surrounded him on every hand obscured what lay behind, but he perceived it was a vast apartment of splendid appearance, and with a very

large and simple white archway facing him. Close to the walls of the cage were articles of furniture, a table covered with a silvery cloth, silvery like the side of a fish, a couple of black and graceful chairs, and on the table a number of dishes with substances piled on them, a bottle and two glasses. He realised that he was intensely hungry.

He could see no human being, and after a period of hesitation scrambled off the translucent mattress and tried to stand on the clean white floor of his little apartment. He had miscalculated his strength, however, and staggered and put his hand against the glass-like pane before him to steady himself. For a moment it resisted his hand, bending outward like a distended bladder, then it broke with a slight report. He reeled out into the general space of the hall, greatly astonished. He caught at the table to save himself, knocking one of the glasses to the floor—it rang but did not break—and sat down in one of the armchairs.

When he had a little recovered he filled the remaining glass from the bottle and drank—a colourless liquid it was, but not water, with a pleasing faint aroma and taste and a quality of immediate support and stimulus. He put down the vessel and looked about

The apartment lost none of its size and magnificence now that the greenish transparency that had intervened was removed. The archway he saw led to a flight of steps, going downward without the intermediation of a door, to a spacious transverse passage. This passage ran between polished pillars of some white-veined substance of deep ultramarine, and along it came the sound of human movements and voices and a deep undeviating droning note. He sat, now fully awake, listening alertly, forgetting the viands in his attention

Then with a shock he remembered that he was naked, and casting about him for covering, saw a long black robe thrown on one of the chairs beside him. This he wrapped about him and sat

down again, trembling.

His mind was still a surging perplexity. Clearly he had slept, and had been removed in his sleep. But where? And who were those people, the distant crowd beyond the deep blue pillars? Boscastle? He poured out and partially drank another glass of the colourless fluid.

What was this place?—this place that to his senses seemed subtly quivering like a thing alive? He looked about him at the clean and beautiful form of the apartment, unstained by ornament, and saw that the roof was broken in one place by a circular shaft full of light, and, as he looked, a steady, sweeping shadow blotted it out and passed, and came again and passed. "Beat, beat," that sweeping shadow had a note of its own in the subdued tumult that filled

He would have called out, but only a little sound came into his throat. Then he stood up, and, with the uncertain steps of a drunkard, made his way towards the archway. He staggered down the steps, tripping on the corner of the black cloak he had wrapped about himself, and saved himself by catching at one of the blue

The passage ran down a cool vista of blue and purple, and ended remotely in a railed place like a balcony, brightly lit and projecting into a space of haze, a space like the interior of some gigantic building. Beyond and remote were vast and vague architectural forms. The tumult of voices rose now loud and clear, and on the balcony, and with their backs to him, gesticulating, and apparently in animated conversation, were three figures, richly dressed in loose and easy garments of bright soft colourings. The noise of a great multitude of people poured up over the balcony, and once it seemed the top of a banner passed, and once some brightly coloured object, a pale blue cap or garment thrown up into the air perhaps, flashed athwart the space and fell. The shouts sounded like English, there was a reiteration of "Wake!" He heard some indistinct shrill cry, and abruptly these three men began laughing.
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed one—a red-haired man in a short purple role. "When the Sleeper wakes— When!"

He turned his eyes full of merriment along the passage. His face changed, the whole man changed, became rigid. The other two turned swiftly at his exclamation, and stood motionless. Their faces assumed an expression of consternation, an expression that deepened

Suddenly Graham's knees bent beneath him, his arm against the pillar collapsed limply, he staggered forward and fell upon his face.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOUND OF A TUMULT

Graham's last impression before he fainted was of a clamorous ringing of bells. He learnt afterwards that he was insensible, hanging between life and death, for the better part of an hour. When he recovered his senses, he was back on his translucent couch, and there was a stirring warmth at heart and throat. The dark apparatus, he perceived, had been removed from his arm, which was bandaged. The white framework was still about him. A man in a deep violet robe, one of those who had been on the balcony, was looking into his face.

Remote but insistent was a clamour of bells and confused sounds,

that suggested to his mind the picture of a great number of people shouting together. Something seemed to fall across this tumult like a door suddenly closed.

Graham moved his head. "What does all this mean?" he said

slowly. "Where am I?"

He saw the red-haired man who had been first to discover him. A voice seemed to be asking what he had said, and was abruptly stilled.

The man in violet answered in a soft voice, speaking English with a slightly foreign accent, or so at least it seemed to the Sleeper's ears, "You are quite safe. You were brought hither from where you fell asleep. It is quite safe. You have been here some time—sleeping. In a trance."

He said something further that Graham could not hear, and a little

phial was handed across to him. Graham felt a cooling spray, a fragrant mist played over his forehead for a moment, and his sense of refreshment increased. He closed his eyes in satisfaction.

"Better?" asked the man in violet, as Graham's eyes re-opened. He was a pleasant-faced man of thirty, perhaps, with a pointed flaxen beard, and a clasp of gold at the neck of his violet robe.

"You have been asleep some time. In a cataleptic trance. You have heard? Catalepsy? It may seem strange to you at first, but I can assure you everything is well."

Graham did not answer, but these words served their reassuring

His eyes went from face to face of the three people about They were regarding him strangely. He knew he ought to be somewhere in Cornwall, but he could not square these things with that impression.

A matter that had been in his mind during his last waking moments at Boscastle recurred, a thing resolved upon and somehow neglected. He cleared his throat.
"Have you wired my cousin?" he asked. "E. Warming 27,

They were all assiduous to hear. But he had to repeat it.
"What an odd blurr in his accent!" whispered the red-haired Chancery Lane?"

man. "Wire, sir?" said the young man with the flaxen beard, "He means send an electric telegram," volunteered the third, a evidently puzzled.

pleasant-faced youth of nineteen or twenty. The flaxen-bearded man gave a cry of comprehension. "How stupid of me! You may be sure everything shall be done, sir," he said to Graham. "I am afraid it would be difficult to—wire to your cousin. He is not in London now. But don't trouble about arrangements yet; you have been asleep a very long time and the important thing is to get (Graham concluded the word was sir, but this man over that, sir." pronounced it "Sire.")

"Oh!" said Graham, and became quiet.

It was all very puzzling, but apparently these people in unfamiliar dress knew what they were about. Yet they were odd and the room was odd. It seemed he was in some newly established place. He had a sudden flash of suspicion. Surely this wasn't some hall of public exhibition! If it was he would give Warming a piece of his mind. But it scarcely had that character. And in a place of public exhibition he would not have discovered himself naked.

Then suddenly, quite abruptly, he realised what had happened. There was no perceptible interval of suspicion, no dawn to his knowledge. Abruptly he knew his trance had lasted for a vast interval; as if by some process of thought-reading he interpreted the awe in the faces that peered into his. He looked at them strangely, full of intense emotion. It seemed they read his eyes. He framed his lips to speak and could not. A queer impulse to hide his knowledge came into his mind almost at the moment of He looked at his bare feet, regarding them his discovery. silently. His impulse to speak passed. He was trembling exceedingly.

They gave him some pink fluid with a greenish fluorescence and a meaty taste, and the assurance of returning strength grew.

"That-that makes me feel better," he said hoarsely, and there were murmurs of respectful approval. He knew now quite clearly. He made to speak again, and again he could not.

He pressed his throat and tried a third time. "How long?" he asked in a level voice. "How long have I been asleep?"

"Some considerable time," said the flaxen-bearded man, glancing quickly at the others.

"How long?"

"How long?"
"A very long time."
"Yes—yes," said Graham suddenly testy. "But I want—— Is it—it is—some years? Many years? There was something—I forget what. I feel—confused. But you——" He sobbed. "You need not fence with me. How long—?"

He stopped, breathing irregularly. He squeezed his eyes with

his knuckles, and sat waiting for an answer.

They spoke in undertones.

"Five or six?" he asked faintly. "More?" Very much more than that."

" More !

" More."

He looked at them, and it seemed as though imps were twitching the muscles of his face. He looked his question. "Many years," said the man with the red beard.

Graham struggled into a sitting position. He wiped a rheumy tear from his face with a lean hand. "Many years!" he repeated. He shut his eyes tight, opened them, and sat looking about him from one unfamiliar thing to another.
"How many years?" he asked.

"You must be prepared to be surprised."
"Well?"

"More than a gross of years."

He was irritated at the strange word. "More than a what?"
Two of them spoke together. Some quick remarks that were made about "decimal" he did not catch.

"How long did you say?" asked Graham. "How long? Don't look like that. Tell me." Among the remarks in an undertone, his car caught six words:

"More than a couple of centuries." "What?" he cried, turning on the youth who he thought had spoken. "Who says—? What was that? A couple of conturies!"
"Yes," said the man with the red beard. "Two hundred

Graham repeated the words. He had been prepared to hear of a

vast repose, and yet these concrete centuries defeated him.

"Two hundred years," he said again, with the figure of a great gulf opening very slowly in his mind; and then, "Oh, but-They said nothing.

"You-did you say-

"Two hundred years. Two centuries of years," said the man with the red beard. There was a pause. Graham looked at their faces and saw that

what he had heard was indeed true. "But it can't be," he said querulously. "I am dreaming cances. Trances don't last. That is not right—this is a joke

you have played upon me! Tell me-some days ago, perhaps, I was walking along the coast of Cornwall-His voice failed him.

The man with the flaxen beard hesitated. "I'm not very strong in history, sir," he said weakly, and glanced at the others.
"That was it, sir," said the youngster. "Boscastle, in the old

Duchy of Cornwall—it's in the south-west country beyond the dairy meadows. There is a house there still. I've been there." "Poscastle!" Graham turned his eyes to the youngster. "That

was it-Boscastle. Little Boscastle. I fell asleep-somewing there. I don't exactly remember. I don't exactly remember.

He pressed his brows and whispered, "More than two hun. of years!

He began to speak quickly with a twitching face, but his began was cold within him. "But if it is two hundred years, every and the state of the stat I know, every human being that ever I saw or spoke to be a I went to sleep, must be dead." They did not answer him.

The Queen and the Royal Family, her Ministers, Church State. High and low, rich and poor, one with another—"
"Is there England still?"

"That's a comfort! Is there London?"

"This is London, eh? And you are my assistant-custon." Assistant-custodian. And these--? Eh? Assistant-custori.

He sat with a gaunt stare on his face. "But why am I have?"
No! Don't talk. Be quiet. Let me—"

He sat silent, rubbed his eyes, and, uncovering them, another little glass of pinkish fluid held towards him. He tead dose. It was almost immediately sustaining. Directly he had it he began to weep naturally and refreshingly.

Presently he looked at their faces, suddenly laughed throughtears, a little foolishly. "But—two—hun—dred—years! said. He grimaced hysterically and covered his face again.

After a space he grew calm. He sat up, his hands hanging

his knees in almost precisely the same attitude in which Ihad found him on the cliff at Pentargen. His attention attracted by a thick domineering voice, the footsteps of an vancing personage. "What are you doing? Why was I warned? Surely you could tell? Someone will suffer for The man must be kept quiet. Are the doorways closed? Mit the doorways? He must be kept perfectly quiet. He must recorded told. Has he been told anything?"

The man with the fair beard made some inaudible remark, Graham looking over his shoulder saw approaching a very short fat, and thickset beardless man, with aquiline nose and heavy neck and chin. Very thick black and slightly sloping eyel loss that almost met over his nose, and overhung deep grey eyes, says his face an oddly formidable expression. He scowled moment and at Graham, and then his regard returned to the man with the disent beard. "These others," he said in a voice of extreme irrit to an "You had better go."

"Go?" said the red-bearded man.

"Certainly-go now. But see the doorways are closed as you

The two men addressed turned obediently, after one religious glance at Graham, and instead of going through the archway as he expected, walked straight to the dead wall of the apartment offar site the archway. And then came a strange thing; a long strip of this apparently solid wall rolled up with a snap, hung over the two retreating men and fell again, and immediately Graham was alone with the newcomer and the purple robed man with the daxen beard.

For a space the thick set man took not the slightest notice of Graham, but proceeded to interrogate the other-obviously his subordinate-upon the treatment of their charge. He spoke clearly, but in phrases only partially intelligible to Graham. The awakening seemed not only a matter of surprise but of consternation and annoyance to him. He was evidently profoundly excited. "You must not confuse his mind by telling him things," he

repeated again and again. "You must not confuse his mind. His questions answered, he turned quickly and eyed the awakened

sleeper with an ambiguous expression. "Feel queer?" he asked.

" Very.

"The world, what you see of it, seems strange to you?"

"I suppose I have to live in it, strange as it seems.

"I suppose so, now."

"In the first place, hadn't I better have some clothes?"
"They——" said the thickset man and stopped, and the decem-

"You will bry bearded man met his eye and went away. speedily have clothes," said the thickset man.

"Is it true, indeed, that I have been asleep two hundred asked Graham.

"They have told you that, have they? Two hundred and if me, as a matter of fact."

Graham accepted the indisputable now with raised eyel raws and depressed mouth. He sat silent for a moment, and then as all question, "Is there a mill or dynamo near here?" He discret wait for an answer. "Things have changed tremendon suppose?" he said.

"What is that shouting?" he asked abruptly. "Nothing," said the thickset man impatiently. "It's !"

You'll understand better later-perhaps. As you say, thank changed." He spoke shortly, his brows were knit, and he glanced about him like a man trying to decide in an emerge Y. "We must get you clothes and so forth, at any rate. wait here until some can come. No one will come near you. want shaving.

Graham rubbed his chin.

The man with the flaxen beard came back towards them. suddenly, listened for a moment, lifted his eyebrows at the man, and hurried off through the archway towards the int The tumult of shouting grew louder, and the thickset man and listened also. He cursed suddenly under his breath. turned his eyes upon Graham with an unfriendly expression. a surge of many voices, rising and falling, shouting and screen and once came a sound like blows and sharp cries, and the snapping, like the crackling of dry sticks. Graham straines ears to draw some single thread of sound from the woven tume"

Then he perceived, repeated again and again, a certain form is For a time he doubted his ears. But surely these were the west in Show we are the College of the surely these were the west in the surely the surel

"Show us the Sleeper! Show us the Sleeper!"
The thickset man rushed suddenly to the archway

"Wild!" he cried. "How do they know? Do they know? is it guessing?" There was perhaps an answer.

"I can't come," said the thickset man; "I have him to see ". But shout from the balcony.

There was an inaudible reply.

"Say he is not awake. Anything! I leave it to you."

He came hurrying back to Graham. "You must have clothes at once," he said. "You cannot stop here—and it will be impossible

He rushed away, Graham shouting unanswered questions after him. In a moment he was back.

"I can't tell you what is happening. It is too complex to explain. In a moment you shall have your clothes made. Yes—in a moment. And then I can take you away from here. You will find out our troubles soon enough."

"But those voices. They were shouting——?"
"Something about the Sleeper—that's you. They have some twisted idea. I don't know what it is. I know nothing. Demology is out of my province."

"Demology?" "Demology. Ah!"

A shrill bell jetted acutely across the indistinct mingling of remote noises, and this brusque person sprang to a little group of appliances in the corner of the room. He listened for a moment, regarding a ball of crystal, nodded, and said a few indistinct words; then he walked to the wall through which the two men had vanished. It rolled up again like a curtain, and he stood waiting.

(To be continued)

The New Savoy Opera

The Iucky Star, which is from the pens of nearly a dozen librettists and composers, and was successfully produced at the Savoy on Saturday, is hardly an opera strictly so called, and it is certainly wholly different from the ordinary Savoy repertory. In point of fact it is a sort of compromise between the modified species of opera bouffe which was popular both in Paris and under Farnie in London some five-and-twenty years ago, and the more modern musical comedies with which Mr. George Edwardes at Daly's and the Gaiety has delighted a younger generation. At the Savoy, indeed, so many varieties of music-plays have been tried since the earlier days of Gilbert and Sullivan, that it was inevitable an experiment in an older school should sooner or later be attempted. The Lucky Star may, of course, by some be deemed a cut below the Savoy average, although beyond all question, if the piece had been produced at any other theatre, it would have been considered a remarkably good one. As a matter of fact it boasts a stronger, more consistent, and better plot than is usual in such cases; while the dialogue is quite up to a first-night average, although, of course, in accordance with precedent in such cases, it will beyond much doubt eventually be improved by the "gags" of the funny men. The music, from the Savoy point of view, is a weak feature. Perhaps audiences accustomed to the refinement and sweet melodiousness of Sir Arthur Sullivan, expect too much from his contemporaries. Mr. Ivan Caryll, however, has already done better work than in the present The chief de'ect of the music is its sameness, ballads generally with valse or other dance refrain, and comic songs of the bouffe pattern, being interspersed with rather feebly constructed concerted pieces. A good deal of the monotony might have been avoided if a little more variety had been imparted to the orchestration. Indeed, there were many who regretted that the music by M. Chabrier, originally written to this story in 1877, was not utilised. One of the French composer's numbers, namely, a portion of the finale to

the first act, came as quite a refreshing interlude amid much that was either crude or conventional. The music, however, in this description of entertainment, can always be improved, and either

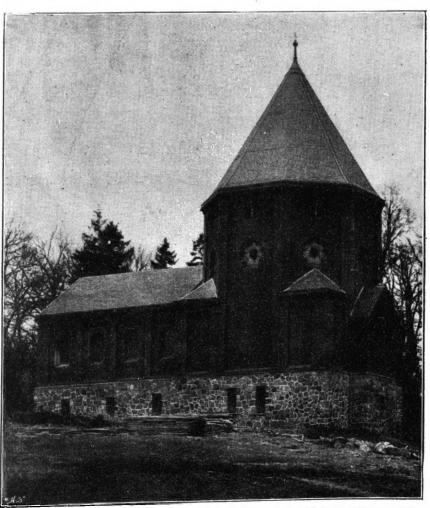
reduced or added to.

The libretto, at any rate, has plenty of possibilities. It is based upon the opera bouffe entitled L'Etoile, by Messrs. Leterrier and Vanloo, produced at the Bouffes, Paris, towards the latter part of 1877that is to say, practically at the time of the production of *The Sorcerer*, the first of a series which revolutionised comic opera in England. The French piece was afterwards adapted into English for the American market by Messrs. Cheever Goodwin and Woolston Morse, and with Mr. Francis Wilson as King Ouf it had a long career in the United States. Mr. Brookfield has now re-written the book, mostly from the American libretto, while new lyrics have been added by Messrs. Ross and Hopwood, and the whole "has been revised and put together by II. L.," those being the initials of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte. The story is almost Gilbertian. A King of an Oriental country is accustomed on his fête day to offer his subjects a human sacrifice. This year the supply has run short. His subjects love him so dearly that he cannot exact from them a single treasonable sentiment. They will not even "revile the memory of the King's grandmother or curse the Income Tax." Fortunately there ar inevitable "principal boy" in the person of a young travelling painter, Lazuli. On the road he has met the Princess, the King's fiancée. Desponding in his love for her, he becomes reckless, and, to the King's delight, punches the royal head and boxes the royal ear. He is condemned to death, but in the first finale he is saved by the discovery made by the Court Astrologer, that painter and monarch are born under the same star, and that each must perish within twentyfour hours of the other. Most of the music in this act is of a light character, including an American ballad for the Princess, a rather conventional Romanza, "My Lucky Star," which replaces M. Chabrier's version of the same legend, a kissing trio, an American song for the King, and more musicianly items such as the quartet "Incognito" and a finale, which is largely borrowed from the opera of M. Chabrier.

In the next act, in which the Oriental uniforms of the men (six of them genuine negroes) and the bright dresses of the women lend colour to the scene, Lazuli is installed in the palace, his every wish gratified. While he remains in health the King's life is saved. But he elopes with the princess, whom he believes to be the wife of an Ambassador, and is forthwith condemned by the irate diplomat to be shot. The King's dismay on hearing of the probable fate of his double closes the act. A good deal of the fun here consists of word-twisting, such as the King's warning to the youth to avoid either "perspiration of the heart" or "a rush of brains to the There is also a most amusingly burlesqued singlestick duel between the King and the Ambassador. On the other hand, the wit of the American song of "The Ostrich" is not exactly obvious, while the "Barcarolle" sung by the Princess is also rather conventional. At the close of the act there is an extreme'y pretty effect, when the stage is illuminated by Chinese lanterns, and the ladies of the Court indulgein a scarfdance. In the last act the King and his chief Astrologer are waiting their fate, the monarch, in order to keep up his spirits, furtively indulging in a dance with a couple of "coons otherwise two bright little nigger boys. It is in vain that, believing they are to die twenty-four hours after Lazuli, King and courtier put back the clock, an idea, if we recollect rightly, borrowed from Barbe Bleue. Eventually five o'clock strikes, and they cover themselves with funeral cloths awaiting their fate, the band meanwhile softly playing, "There is a Happy Land." As Lazuli is not dead, the Monarch of course survives, and on the threat of the youth to commit suicide, is compelled to relinquish the hand of the Princess, his fiancée. Mr. Lytton is excellent as the Ambassador, Miss Ruth Vincent sings prettily as the Princess, and Miss Emmie Owen acts and dances vivaciously as the young painter. But the burden of the fun practically falls upon Mr. Passmore as the King, who from the time that he enters tumbling down a trick ladder to the fall of the curtain, keeps the audience in a roar of laughter. His humour, perhaps, is rather pantomimic and lacks variety, but it serves its purpose, and it was, at any rate on Saturday, hugely appreciated. The Lucky Star is admirably mounted, and, indeed, a prettier stage spectacle has rarely been seen even at the Savoy.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

The deadlock at the opera has now been removed. Mr. Faber has agreed to sell his entire interest in Covent Garden, and he is about to be succeeded by a syndicate of the subscribers, who, it is said, include one at least of the Rothschild family, Mr. Beit, Mr. Cassell, Mr. Paris Singer, Lord Derby, Earl de Grey, Lord Crewe, Lord Farquhar, Mr. Harmsworth, Sir Edward Lawson and other men of wealth, almost any one of whom could, without asking for time, put down the entire capital. A fresh syndicate has been formed of debenture, ordinary, and deferred shareholders, Mr. Faber, it is understood, accepting 110,000/. for the lease, scenery, dresses, and copyrights, and also leaving the syndicate a handsome sum as capital. The opulent gentlemen, however, forming this company are actuated by art rather than by financial reasons, and accordingly an actual profit is not sought so much as a permanent continuance of opera upon the old social and musical lines. Garden is, before next season, to be re-decorated, furnished throughout with electric light, and provided with newer and improved stage machinery. The general management will still be in the hands of Mr. Maurice Grau, although for this happy end to that which threatened at one time to be a serious difficulty, we have mainly to thank that enthusiastic opera-goer, Lady de Grey.



The Mausoleum built for Prince Bisma ck and his family is situated on a hil in a woody corner of the Sachsenwald. It consists of a round tower and a nave. The tower contains the bodies of the Prince and Princess, while the rest of the building is reserved for the general family vault. On the hill opposite to that on which the Mausoleum stands is the well-known group of stags, which was presented to the Chancellor on his eightieth birthday. Our illustration is from a photograph by Hans Breuer, Hamburg

THE BISMARCK MAUSOLEUM AT FRIEDRICHSRUH

An Artistic Causerie

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

THERE are many points of interest in connection with the Rembrandt Exhibition which it is not easy to touch upon in the course of the regular review. One or two of these points may be referred to here. In the large and extremely ugly "Belshazzar's Feast" (the genuineness of which, it may be added, some judges have challenged) there is a Hebrew inscription on the wall which has puzzled many a student of Rembrandt. For the well-formed letters form no Hebrew words known to Hebrew scholars. It was while the present writer was gazing at the picture that the truth flashed upon him—namely, that Rembrandt has arranged the letters of the inscription not as Hebrew is written from right to left, but in columns, like Chinese; read this way, the well-known wo ds are at once intelligible—the last one, for symmetry's sake, being cut into two.. It is also to be observed, in answer to those who question the genuineness of the picture, that the terrified monarch is evidently no other than he who sat for the "Portrait of a Rabbi" (83) (which is in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, and of which the replica (No. 57), belonging to Lord Powerscourt, is apparently a copy) and for Pharaoh in Ferdinand Bol's picture of "Joseph and Jacob" in the Dresden Gallery.

It is also asked whether Lord Brownlow's "Landscape" (No. 31) is not really by an English hand; whether Lord Leconfield's "Girl with the Rosebud" can be attributed to the master; whether it is correct to state, as the catalogue does, that the "Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife" really represents Rembrandt and Saskia; for a careful examination does not reveal the essential construction of the painter's head, nor does the age of the lady seem to correspond. It is also interesting to point out that the "Girl at a Window," lent by Dulwich College, is the same pleasing model as the "Girl with the Broom" at the Hermitage, and apparently she who figures in the "Young Servant" at Stockholm. The latter picture is dated 1654, and is apparently too late to fit in with the girl's age, but it may well be that Rembrandt may have painted his picture from his former sketch. It only remains to remark that the absurdly misnamed "Countess of Desmond," lent by Her Majesty the Queen, is the same figure as that in Lord Pembroke's "An Old Woman Reading," and that both of them, painted about 1635 in Rembrandt's "green manner" are portraits of his mother; while, if I remember rightly, the group in the "Holy Family" (91) is almost identical with that in the "Carpenter's Shop" in the Louvre

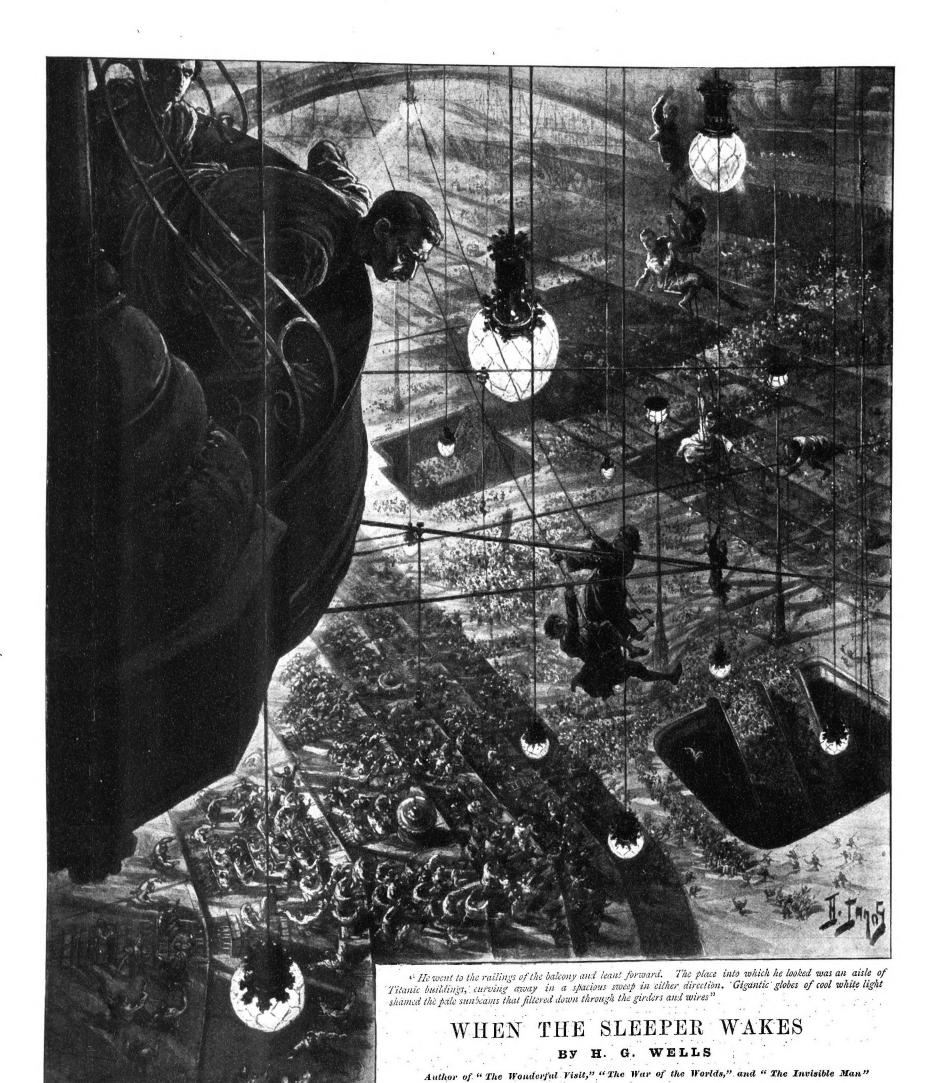
Speaking of copies, I may draw attention to certain pictures round which a good deal of discussion has been spun. I have heard Sir A. W. Neeld's "Portrait of a Burgomaster," and heard Sir A. W. Neeld's "Portrait of a Burgomaster," and Rembrandt's portrait of himself belonging to Lady de Rothschild, challenged by distinguished painters. But certainly in the latter case, probably in both, I think there can be no doubt of authenticity. The Duke of Newcastle's "Portrait of an Orator" has given rise to more serious doubt. This extremely smooth picture is ascribed by some to Ferdinand Bol; there is certainly a replica of it in existence which is known as a Bol; and, moreover, it has been stated that in an engraving published many years ago the author-

ship was so described. I have not, however, been

able yet to verify this statement.

Competitions in art criticism have been invented by Municipal authorities in Italy desirous of making a boom in their art exhibitions. They thus become a refined and subtle form of advertisement. Prizes to the amount of 180% are to be awarded for the best article, or series of articlse (mark the ingenuity!) on the exhibition and the works exhibited, such articles being in English, French, German, Spanish, or Italian. The prizes are to be awarded by a jury composed of two art critics and one artist appointed by the Executive of the exhibition, and the jury is to print and publish a report upon the subject. All this is to be done by the Municipality of Venice; but it would be interesting to know who are the writers who submit to a competition of this kind. Moreover, the unjust treatment of English artists in these Italian exhibitions is not yet forgotten in England.

The subject of "suppressed plates" is a fascinating one for the collector, and oftentimes of considerable interest from the point of view of the artist. By "suppressed plates" is understood illustrations which have appeared in a book, but which have been either withdrawn during the publication of the edition or omitted from later issues. Such is the interesting Thackeray's "Marquess of Steyne" (representing the third Marquess of Hertford), to which Mr. George Somes Layard has recently devoted an article. There are, of course, many such connected with the works of Dickens, especially in the minor books; those to Hogarth's "Man of Taste" and "Enthusiasm Delineated;" Mr. Sandy's "Danaë in the Painted Chamber," practically suppressed before publication; Meissonier's "La Bonne Femme" for "Paul et Virginie;" and others by Alken, Charles Keene, and, even in later days, Mr. Hugh Thomson. In the last-mentioned case the illustration was withdrawn on a grotesquely absurd suggestion of indelicacy. All these subjects, and more, will doubtless be dealt with by Mr. Layard, whose knowledge of the entertaining byways of art and literature is extensive and delightful.



Copyright, 1899, by HARPER AND BROTHERS, in the United States of America]

CHAPTER IV .- (Continued)

Graham lifted his arm, and was astonished to find what strength the restoratives had given him. He thrust one leg over the side of the couch and then the other. His head no longer swam. He

could scarcely credit his rapid recovery. He sat feeling his limbs.

The man with the flaxen beard re-entered from the archway, and as he did so the cage of a lift came sliding down in front of the thickset man, and a lean, grey-bearded man, carrying a roll, and wearing a tightly fitting costume of dark green, appeared therein.

"This is the tailor," said the thickset man with an introductory gesture. "It will never do for you to wear that black. I cannot understand how it got here. But I shall. I shall. You will be as rapid as possible?" he said to the tailor.

The man in green bowed, and, advancing, seated himself by Graham on the bed. His manner was calm, but his eyes were full of curiosity. "You will find the fashions altered Sire," he said. He glanced from under his brows at the thickset man.

He opened the roller with a quick movement, and a confusion of

brilliant fabrics poured out over his knees. "You lived, Sire, in a period essentially cylindrical—the Victorian. With a tendency to the hemisphere in hats. Circular curves always. Now—" He flicked out a little appliance the size and appearance of a keyless watch, whirled the knob, and behold—a little figure in white appeared himterage fables on the diel welling and turning. The teller kinetoscope fashion on the dial, walking and turning. The tailor caught up a pattern of bluish white satin. "That is my conception of your immediate treatment," he said.

The thickset man came and stood by the shoulder of Graham.

"We have very little time," he said.
"Trust me," said the tailor. "My machine follows. What do you think of this?"

"What is that?" asked the man from the nineteenth century. "In your days they showed you a fashion plate," said the tailor, but this is our modern development. See here." The little figure repeated its evolution, but in a different costume. "Or this," and with a click another small figure in a more voluminous type of robe marched on to the dial. The tailor was very quick in his movements, and glanced twice towards the lift as he did these things.

It rumbled again, and a crop-haired, staring, anæmic lad, clad in coarse pale blue canvas, appeared, together with a complicated machine, which he pushed noiselessly on little castors into the room. Incontinently the little kinetoscope was dropped, Graham was invited to stand in front of the machine, and the tailor muttered some instructions to the crop-haired lad, who answered in guttural tones, with words Graham did not recognise. The boy then went to conduct an incomprehensible monologue in the corner, and the tailor pulled out a number of slotted arms terminating in little discs, pulling them out until the discs were flat against the body of Graham, one at each shoulder blade, one at the elbows, one at the neck and so forth, so that at last there were, perhaps, two score of them upon his body and limbs. At the same time, some other person entered the room by the lift, behind Graham. The tailor set moving a mechanism that initiated a faint-sounding rhythmic movement of parts in the machine, and in another moment he was knocking up the levers, and Graham was released. The tailor replaced his cloak of black, and the man with the flaxen beard proffered him a little glass of some refreshing fluid. Graham saw

ILLUSTRATED BY H LANOS

over the rim of the glass a pale-faced young man regarding him

with a singular fixity.

The thickset man had been pacing the room fretfully, and now

The thickset man had been pacing the room fretfully, and now turned and went through the archway towards the balcony, from which the noise of a distant crowd still came in gusts and cadences. The crop-headed lad handed the tailor a roll of the bluish satin, and the two began fixing this in the mechanism in a manner reminiscent of a roll of paper in a nineteenth century printing machine. Then they ran the entire thing on its easy, noiseless bearings across the room to a remote corner where a twisted cable looped rather gracefully from the wall. They made some connexion and the machine became energetic and swift.

"What is that doing?" asked Graham pointing with the empty glass to the busy figures and trying to ignore the scrutiny of the newcomer. "Is that—some sort of force—laid on?"

comer. "Is that—some sort of force—laid on?"

"Yes," said the man with the flaxen beard.

"Who is that?" He indicated the archway behind him.

The man in purple stroked his little beard, hesitated, and answered in an undertone, "He is Howard, your chief guardian. You see, Sire—it's a little difficult to explain. The Council appoints a guardian and assistants. This hall has under certain restrictions been public—in order that needle might satisfy themselves. We have barred the in order that people might satisfy themselves. We have barred the doorways for the first time. But I think—if you don't mind I will leave him to explain."

"Odd!" said Graham. "Guardian? Council?" Then turning his back on the newcomer, he asked in an undertone, "Why is this man glaring at me? Is he a mesmerist?"

"Mesmerist! He is a capillotomist."

" Capillotomist!"

"Yes-one of the chief. His yearly fee is sixdoz lions."

It sounded sheer nonsense. Graham snatched at the last phrase with an unsteady mind. "Sixdoz lions?" he said.

"Didn't you have lions? I suppose not. You had the old

pounds? They are our monetary units."
"But what was that you said—sixdoz?"

"Yes. Six dozen, Sire. Of course things, even these little things, have altered. You lived in the days of the decimal system, the Arab system-tens, and little hundreds and thousands. We have cleven numerals now. We have single figures for both ten and eleven, two figures for a dozen, and a dozen dozen makes a gross, a great hundred, you know, a dozen gross a dozand, and a dozand dozand a myriad. Very simple?"

"I suppose so," said Graham. "But about this cap—what was it?"

The man with the flaxen beard glanced over his shoulder.

"Here are your clothes!" he said. Graham turned round sharply and saw the tailor standing at his elbow smiling, and holding some palpably new garments over his arm. The crop-headed boy, by means of one finger, was impelling the complicated machine towards the lift by which he had arrived. Graham stared at the completed

suit. "You don't mean to say—!"
"Just made," said the tailor. He dropped the garments at the feet of Graham, walked to the bed on which Graham had so recently been lying, flung out the translucent mattress, and turned up the looking-glass. As he did so a furious bell summoned the thickset man to the corner. The man with the flaxen beard rushed across to him and then hurried out by the

The tailor was assisting Graham into a dark purple combination garment, stockings, vest, and pants in one, as the thickset man came back from the corner to meet the man with the flaxen beard returning from the balcony. They began speaking quickly in an undertone, their bearing had an unmistakable quality of anxiety. Over the purple under-garment came a complex but graceful garment of bluish white, and Graham was clothed in the fashion once more and saw himself, sallow-faced, unshaven and shaggy still, but at least naked no longer, and in some indefinable unprecedented way

graceful. "I must shave," he said regarding himself in the glass.

"In a moment," said Howard.

The persistent stare ceased. The young man closed his eyes, re-opened them, and, with a lean hand extended, advanced on Graham. Then he stopped, with his hand slowly gesticulating, and looked about him.

"A seat," said Howard impatiently, and in a moment the flaxen-bearded man had a chair behind Graham. "Sit down, please," said Howard.

Graham hesitated, and in the other hand of the wild-eyed man he saw the glint of steel.

"Don't you understand, Sire?" cried the flaxen-bearded man

with hurried politeness. "He is going to cut your hair."
"Oh!" cried Graham enlightened. "But you called him "A capillotomist-precisely! He is one of the finest artists in the world."

Graham sat down abruptly. The flaxen-bearded man disappeared. The capillotomist came forward with graceful gestures, examined Graham's ears and surveyed him, felt the back of his head, and would have sat down again to regard him but for Howard's audible impatience. Forthwith with rapid movements and a succession of deftly handled implements he shaved Graham's chin, clipped his moustache, and cut and arranged his hair. All this he did without a word, with something of the rapt air of a poet inspired. And as soon as he had finished Graham was handed a pair of shoes.

Suddenly a loud voice shouted-it seemed from a piece of machinery in the corner-"At once-at once. The people know all over the city. Work is being stopped. Work is being stopped.

Wait for nothing, but come."

This shout appeared to perturb Howard exceedingly. By his gestures it seemed to Graham that he hesitated between two directions. Abruptly he went towards the corner where the apparatus stood about the little crystal ball. As he did so the undertone of tumultuous shouting from the archway that had continued during all these occurrences rose to a mighty sound, roared as if it were sweeping past, and fell again as if receding swiftly. It drew Graham after it by an irresistible attraction of amazem nt and curiosity. He glanced at the thickset man, and then obeyed his natural impulse. In two strides he was down the steps and in the passage, and in a score he was out upon the balcony upon which the three men had been standing.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOVING WAYS

His first impression was one of overwhelming astonishment at the greatness of the architecture that opened out as he came down the passage. He went to the railings of the balcony and leant forward. An exclamation of surprise at his appearance, and the movements of a number of people came up from the spacious area below.

The place into which he looked was an aisle of Titanic buildings, curving away in a spacious sweep in either direction; overhead mighty cantilevers sprang together across the huge width of the place, and a tracery of some translucent material shut out the sky. Gigantic globes of cool white light shamed the pale sunbeams that filtered down through the girders and wires. Here and there a gossamer suspension bridge dotted with foot-passengers flung across the chasm and the air was webbed with slender cables. A cliff of edifice hung above him, he perceived as he glanced upward, and the opposite façade was grey and dim and broken by great archings, circular perforations, balconies, buttresses, turret projections, myriads of vast windows, and an intricate scheme of architectural relief. Athwart these horizontally and obliquely ran inscriptions in an unfamiliar lettering. Here and there close to the roof cables of a peculiar stoutness were fastened, and drooped in a steep curve to circular openings on the opposite side of the space, and even as Graham looked at them a remote and tiny figure of a man clad in pale blue arrested his attention. He was far overhead across the space beside the higher fastening of one of these festoons, hanging forward from a little ledge of masonry and handling some well-nigh invisible strings dependent from the line. Then suddenly, with a swoop that sent Graham's heart into his mouth, this man had rushed down the curve and vanished through a round opening on the hither side of the way.

Graham had been looking up as he came out upon the balcony, and the things he saw above and opposed to him had at first seized his attention to exclusion of anything else. But suddenly he discovered the roadway! It was not a roadway at all, as Graham understood such things, for in the nineteenth century the only roads and streets were beaten tracks of motionless earth, jostling rivulets of vehicles between narrow footways. But this roadway was three hundred feet across, and it moved; it moved all save the middle, the lowest part. For a moment, the motion dazzled his mind. Then he understood.

Under the balcony this extraordinary roadway ran swiftly to Graham's right, an endless flow rushing along as fast as a nineteenth century express train, an endless platform of narrow transverse overlapping rods with little interspaces that permitted it to follow the curvature of the street. Upon it were seats, and here and there little kiosks, but they swept by too swiftly for him to see what might be therein. From the nearest and swiftest platform a series of o hers descended to the centre. Each moved to the right, each perceptibly slower than the one above it, but the difference in pace was small enough to permit anyone to step from any platform to the one adjacent, and so to walk uninterruptedly from the swiftest to the motionless middle space. Beyond the middle space were another series of endless platforms rushing with varying pace to Graham's left. And seated in crowds upon the two widest and swiftest platforms, or stepping from one to another down the steps, or swarming over the central space, was an innumerable and wonderfully diversified multitude of people.
"You must not stop here," shouted Howard suddenly at his side.

'You must come away. You must come away.'

Graham made no answer. He heard without hearing. The current on the platforms ran with a roar and the people were shouting. He perceived women and girls with flowing hair, beautifully robed, with bands crossing between the breasts. These first came out of the confusion. Then he perceived that the dominant note in that kaleidoscope of costume was the pale blue that the tailor's boy had worn. He became aware of cries of "The Sleeper. What has happened to the Sleeper?" and it seemed as though the rushing platforms before him were suddenly spattered with the pale buff of human faces, and then still more thickly. He saw pointing fingers. He perceived that the motionless central area of this huge arcade was densely crowded with pallid blue-clad people just opposite to the balcony. Some sort of struggle had sprung into life. People seemed to be pushed up the running platforms on either side, and carried away against their will. They would spring off so soon as they were beyond the thick of the confusion, and run back towards

"It is the Sleeper! Verily, it is the Sleeper!" shouted voices. "That is never the Sleeper," shouted others. More and more faces were turned to him. At intervals along this central area Graham noted openings, pits, the heads of staircases going down apparently, with people ascending out of them and descending into them. The struggle it seemed centred about one of these. People would come running down the moving platforms to this, and would run up again and return, leaping dexterously from platform to platform. The clustering people on the higher platforms seemed to divide their interest between this point and the balcony. A number of sturdy little figures clad in a uniform of bright red, and working methodically together, were employed, it seemed, in preventing access to this descending staircase. Their brilliant colour contrasted vividly with the whitish-blue of their antagonists, for the struggle was indisputable.

He saw these things with Howard shouting in his ear and shaking his arm. And then suddenly Howard was gone and he stood alone.

He perceived that the cries of "The Sleeper!" grew in volume, and that the people on the nearer platform were now standing up, and many of them running obliquely across the slower moving platforms. The nearer swifter platform he perceived was empty to the right of him, and far across the space the platform running in the opposite direction was coming crowded and passing away bare. With incredible swiftness a vast crowd gathered in the central space before his eyes; it became a swaying mass of people, and the shouts grew from a fitful crying to a voluminous, incessant clamour: "The Sleeper! The Sleeper!" and yells and cheers, a waving of garments and cries of "Stop the ways!" They were also crying another name strange to Graham. It sounded like "Ostrog." platforms were thick with active people, running against the movement so as to keep themselves opposite him.

"Stop the ways," they cried. Agile figures ran up swiftly from the centre to the swift road nearest to him, were borne rapidly past him, centre to the switter unintelligible things, and ran back obliquely to the central way. One thing he distinguished: "It is indeed the Sleeper. It is indeed the Sleeper," they testified.

For a space Graham stood without a movement. Then he became ror a space Grand this concerned him. He was pleased at hiwonderful popularity, he bowed, and, seeking a gesture of longer range, waved his arm. He was astonished at the violence of uprost that this provoked. The tumult about the descending stairway reto furious violence. He became aware of crowded balconies, men sliding along ropes, of men in trapeze-like seats hurli: He heard voices behind him, a number of peop descending the steps through the archway; he suddenly perceive that his guardian Howard was back again and gripping his arpainfully, and shouting inaudibly in his ear.

He turned and Howard's face was white. "Come back," heard. "They will stop the ways. The whole city will be

confusion."

He perceived a number of men hurrying along the passage blue pillars behind Howard, the red-haired man, the man with flaxen beard, a tall man in vivid vermilion, a crowd of others in the carrying staves, and all these people had anxious, eager faces.

"Get him away," cried Howard.
"But why?" said Graham. "I don't see——"

"You must come away!" said the man in red in a resolute voice. His face and eyes were resolute too. Graham's glanwent from face to face, and he was suddenly aware of that he disagreeable flavour in life, compulsion. Someone gripped his ar-He was being dragged away. It seemed as though the tun. It became two, as if half the shouts that had come in from the wonderful roadway had sprung into the passages of the grbuilding behind him. Marvelling and confused, feeling an impotest desire to resist, Graham was half led, half thrust, along the passage of blue pillars, and suddenly he found himself alone with How rd in a lift and moving swiftly upward.

Howard's face was flushed deep, his brows were knit, and his

lips opened and shut without a sound.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HALL OF THE ATLAS

From the moment when the tailor had bowed his farewell to the moment when Graham found himself in the lift, was altogether barely five minutes. And as yet the haze of his vast interval of sleep hung about him, as yet the initial strangeness of his being alive at all in this remote age touched everything with wonder, with a sense of the irrational, with something of the quality of a realistic dream. He was still detached, an astonished spectator, still but half involved in life. What he had seen, and especially the last crowded tumult, framed in the setting of the balcony, had a spectacular turn, like a thing witnessed from the box of a theatre, "I don't understand," he said. "What was the trouble? My mind is in a whirl. Why were they shouting? What is the danger?"

Howard looked at him keenly. "We have our troubles," he said with shifty eyes. "This is a time of unrest. And, in fact, your appearance, your waking just now, has a sort of connexion-He spoke jerkily like a man not quite sure of his breathing. He

stopped abruptly.

"I don't understand," said Graham. "It will be clearer later," said Howard.

He glanced uneasily upward as tho gh he found the progress of the lift slow.

"I shall understand better no doubt when I have seen my way about a little," said Graham, puzzled. "It will be—it is bound to be—perplexing. At present it is all so strange. Anything see as possible. Anything. In the details even. Your counting 1 understand is different."

The lift stopped, and they stepped out into a narrow but way long passage between high walls, along which ran an extraordin number of tubes and big cables.

"What a huge place this is!" said Graham. "Is it all building? What place is it?" "This is one of the city ways for various public services.

and so forth." "Was it a social trouble-that-in the great roadway [1] How are you governed? Have you still a police?" "Several," said Howard.
"Several?"

" About fourteen."

"I don't understand."

"Very probably not. Our social order will probably seem was complex to you. To tell you the truth, I don't understand it my very clearly. Nobody does. You will perhaps-by and by. have to go to the Council."

Graham's attention was divided between the urgent necessity his inquiries and the people in the passages and han traversing. For a moment his mind would be concentrated Howard and the halting answers he made, and then he would the thread in response to some vivid unexpected impression. Al the passages, in the halls, half the people seemed to be men in red uniform. The pale blue canvas that had been so abundant the aisle of moving ways did not appear. Invariably these made the second secon looked at him, and saluted him and Howard as they passed.

He had a clear vision of entering a long corridor, and there were a number of girls sitting on low seats, and as though in a class He saw no teacher, but only a novel apparatus from which he fancied a voice proceeded. The girls regarded him and his confined to the confined ductor, he thought, with curiosity and astonishment. But he was hurried on before he could form a clear idea of the gathering. judged they knew Howard but not himself, and that they wondered who he was. This Howard, it seemed, was a person of importance. But then he was also merely Graham's guardian. That was odd.

There came a passage in twilight, and into this passage a footway hung so that he could see the feet and ankles of people going to and fro thereon, but no more of them. Then vague impressions of galleries and of casual astonished passers-by turning round to stare after the two of them with their red-clad guard.

The stimulus of those clear fluids he had taken was only temporary. He was speedily fatigued by this excessive haste. He asked Howard to slacken his speed. Presently he was in a lift that had a window upon the great street space, but this was glazed and did not open, and they were too high for him to see the moving platforms below. But he saw people going to and fro along cables and strange, frail-looking bridges.

And thence they passed across the street and at a vast height above it. They crossed by means of a narrow bridge closed in with glass, so clear that it made him giddy even to remember The floor of it also was of glass. From his memory of the cliffs between New Quay and Boscastle, so remote in time, and so recent in his experience, it seemed to him that they must be near four hundred feet above the moving ways. He stopped, looked down between his legs upon the swarming blue and red multitudes, minute and foreshortened, struggling and gesticulating still towards the little balcony far below, a little toy balcony it seemed, where he had so recently been standing. A thin haze and the glare of the mighty globes of light obscured everything. A man seated in a little openwork cradle shot by from some point still higher than the little narrow bridge, rushing down a cable as swiftly almost as if he were falling. Graham stopped involuntarily to watch this strange passenger vanish in a great circular opening below, and then his eyes went back to the tumultuous struggle.

Along one of the swifter ways rushed a thick crowd of red spots. This broke up into individuals as it approached the balcony, and went pouring down the slower ways towards the dense struggling crowd on the central area. These men in red appeared to be armed with sticks or truncheons; they seemed to be striking and thrusting. A great shouting, cries of wrath, screaming, burst out and came up to Graham faint and thin. "Go on," cried Howard, laying hands

Another man rushed down a cable. Graham suddenly glanced up to see whence he came, and beheld through the glassy roof and the network of cables and girders, dim rhythmically passing forms like the vans of windmills, and between them glimpses of a remote and pallid sky. Then Howard had thrust him forward across the bridge, and he was in a little narrow passage decorated with geometrical patterns.

"I want to see more of that," cried Graham, resisting.
"No, no," cried Howard, still gripping his arm. "This way.
You must go this way." And the men in red following them seemed ready to enforce his orders.

Some men in a curious wasp-like uniform of black and yellow appeared down the passage, and one hastened to throw up a slidin; shutter that had seemed a door to Graham, and led the way through it. Graham found himself in a gallery overhanging the end of a great chamber. The attendant in black and yellow crossed this,

thrust up a second shutter, and stood waiting.

This place had the appearance of an anteroom. He saw a number of people in the central space, and at the opposite end a large and imposing doorway at the top of a flight of steps, heavily curtained but giving a glimpse of some still larger hall beyond. He perceived men in red and other men in black and yellow standing stiffly about those portals.

As they crossed the gallery he distinctly heard a whisper from below, "The Sleeper," and was aware of a sudden turning of heads, a hum of observation. They entered another little passage in the wall of this ante-chamber, and then he found himself on an iron-railed gallery of metal that passed round the side of the great hall he had already seen through the curtains. He entered the place at the corner, so that he received the fullest impression of its huge proportions. The man in the wasp uniform stood aside like a well-trained servant, and closed the valve behind

Compared with any of the places Graham had so far seen, this second hall appeared to be decorated with extreme richness. On a pedestal at the remoter end, and more brilliantly lit than any other object was a huge white figure of Atlas, strong and strenuous, the globe upon his bowed shoulders. It was the first thing to strike his attention, it was so vast, so white and simple. Save for this figure and for a daïs in the centre, the wide floor of the place was a shining vacancy. The daïs was remote in the greatness of the area; it would have looked a mere slab of metal had it not been for the group of seven men who stood about a table upon it, and gave an inkling of its proportions. They were all dressed in white robes, they seemed to have arisen that moment from their seats, and they stood steadfastly regarding Graham. At the end of the table he perceived the glitter of some mechanical appliances, and across it all the shadow of the Atlas fell.

Howard led him along the end gallery until they were opposite this mighty labouring figure. Then he stopped. The two men in red who had followed them into the gallery came and stood on either hand of Graham.

"You must remain here," murmured Howard, "for a few moments," and, without waiting for a reply, hurried away along

-?" began Graham.

He moved as if to follow Howard, and found his path obstructed by one of the men in red. "You have to wait here, Sire," said the man in red.

- " Whi?"
- "Orders, Sire."
- "Whose orders?" " Our orders, Sire."
- Graham looked his exasperation.
 "What place is this?" he said presently. "Who are those men?
- "They are the Lords of the Council, Sire."
- "What council?" " The Council."
- "Oh!" said Graham, and after an equally ineffectual attempt at the other man, went to the railing and stared at the distant men in white, who stood watching him and whispering

The Council? He perceived there were now eight, though how the newcomer had arrived he had not observed. They made no gestures of greeting; they stood regarding him as in the nineteenth century a group of men might have stood in the street regarding a distant balloon that had suddenly floated into view. What council could it be that gathered there, that little body of men beneath the

significant white Atlas, secluded from every eavesdropper in this impressive spaciousness? And why should he be brought to them and looked at strangely and spoken of inaudibly? Howard appeared beneath, walking quickly across the polished floor towards them. As he drew near he bowed and performed certain peculiar movements, apparently of a ceremonial nature. Then he ascended the steps of the daïs, and stood by the apparatus at the end of the

Graham watched that visible inaudible conversation. Occasionally, one of the white-robed men would glance towards him. He strained his ears in vain. The gesticulation of two of the speakers became animated. He glanced from them to the passive faces of his attendants. When he looked again Howard was extending his hands and moving his head like a man who protests. He was interrupted, it seemed, by one of the white-robed men rapping the

(To be continued)

M. Verestchagin's Exhibition

M. VERESTCHAGIN, who now makes his fourth bow to the British public, is a man who must be judged apart. He is not one of your slow-going artists who paint their pictures for the sake of the art and await patiently the advent of fame, though it dally to the end of their lives. He is a draughtsman of great ability, of furious energy, and, for a painter, of unbounded enterprise. He was still a youth when, finding that Fame did not fly forth to meet him halfway, he sought her out, collared her, and dragged her to his studio willy-nilly-and the general public have followed on her track. He is not only a painter—he is also, by profession, war-artist and correspondent, sailor,

soldier, traveller,

author, missionary, and showman. Endowed with ex-

traordinary facility

for drawing, and

with a keen sense

for the dramatic scenes and incidents

of life, and a strong

appreciation of the

theatrical, he has

had the courage to

rely on the force of his individuality, as

well as in his own

particular talent.

The result is what

might have been ex-

pected. Vast collec-

tions of vast pictures,

and small ones, the

biggest of them the

most sensational,



M. VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN

worst, and most popular; and the smallest, less regarded but often finer, even when tested by a respectable standard.

It must not be supposed that a man so full of fire, cleverness, and ability would be content to paint pictures just for the fun of the thing. He has for many years painted "with a purpose" which has been made widely known for years past: the exposition of the horrors of war. That, of course, is thoroughly apropos just now, but it would be unjust to suppose—as might have been suspected in one gifted with the smartest instincts of the journalist—that this is something new to fit the talk of the moment, or to curry favour with his Emperor. M. Verestchagin is a thoroughly independent The story goes that he did not hesitate to ruffle the late Tsar by letting him see, through his pictures, what war

really is like, even in the Russian army.

The artist is, perhaps, the most skilful of his class in Russia.

He studied in Paris, and edited an art paper there that did not succeed. In 1863, and again in 1865, he visited the Caucasus and learned that country well. When war broke out in Turkestan in 1867, he accep ed General Kaufmann's invitation to join the campaign, and distinguished himself by active military services. Two years later he showed in Paris a collection of pictures and drawings based on his experiences; and, in spite of technical faults of handling and colour, scored a great success. Again he went to Central Asia as far as the Chinese frontier, following the military operations and making sketches of what he saw. In 1870 he was painting in Munich; in 1873 exhibiting at the Crystal Palace his war-horror pictures; in 1874, after showing in St. Petersburg, he was journeying in the Himalayas; and in 1876, painting at Auteuil a series of pictures (several of which are to be challenged as to fact) as to the British conquest of India. When Russia declared war against Turkey, Verestchagin flew to serve with his countrymen; he was wounded, saw Osman surrender, crossed the Shipka, was present at Plevna, and acted as secretary during the peace preliminaries. Some of the pictures painted of this campaign he exhibited at South Kensington in 1874. Then Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Hamburg, Pesth, Moscow, London, and finally the American cities, were visited by the artist and his pictures, and the papers of the day have made the art, the adventures, and the personality of M. Verestchagin perhaps better known to the peoples he has favoured than almost any other foreign painter of the present day. His powerful individuality and imagination, his forceful character and ability in telling a story have won for him a popularity which he has known how to appreciate, and for which many a better painter might work in vain. At the Grafton Gallery he appears once more with a collection of pictures much inferior to those which we saw at the Grosvenor; there is little appearance of verisimilitude in this cycle of pictures supposed to represent Napoleon's Russian Campaign. they defy criticism in respect of technique-while the memory of what Baron Gros and Meissonnier did makes the spectator regret the misplaced energy. M. H. S.

"Place aux Bames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

"Is that a duke?" was once asked by a commercial traveller as a peer of high degree stepped from the railway carriage. "Why he just I ooks like one of us!" Simplicity both of life and demeanour Simplicity both of life and demeanour is nowadays the characteristic of people of rank, only the nouveaux riches think it necessary to advertise themselves by ostentation. At weddings and funerals this trait can be most distinctly observed.

The late Duke of Northumberland's funeral is a case in point. Strict orders were left by the deceased as to the plainness of the oak coffin, similar to the one used at the interment of his predecessors, as to the absence of floral tributes, and the limited number of the carriages following the hearse. In fact, had it not been that the obsequies took place in Westminster Abbey, scarcely a soul would have remarked the funeral. What an excellent lesson of rebuke to the vulgar love of show. A quiet, reverent procession, a few near and dear, a bare casket undecked by flowers, and the mortal remains of a great and powerful nobleman are laid peacefully to rest. One can imagine the fuss that would have been created at the death of a millionaire, the thousands of poor blossoms wasted and cankering, the plumes, the palls, the trappings of woe, and steppings of horses, the processions and all the paraphernalia possible to the gruesome fancy of the undertaker.

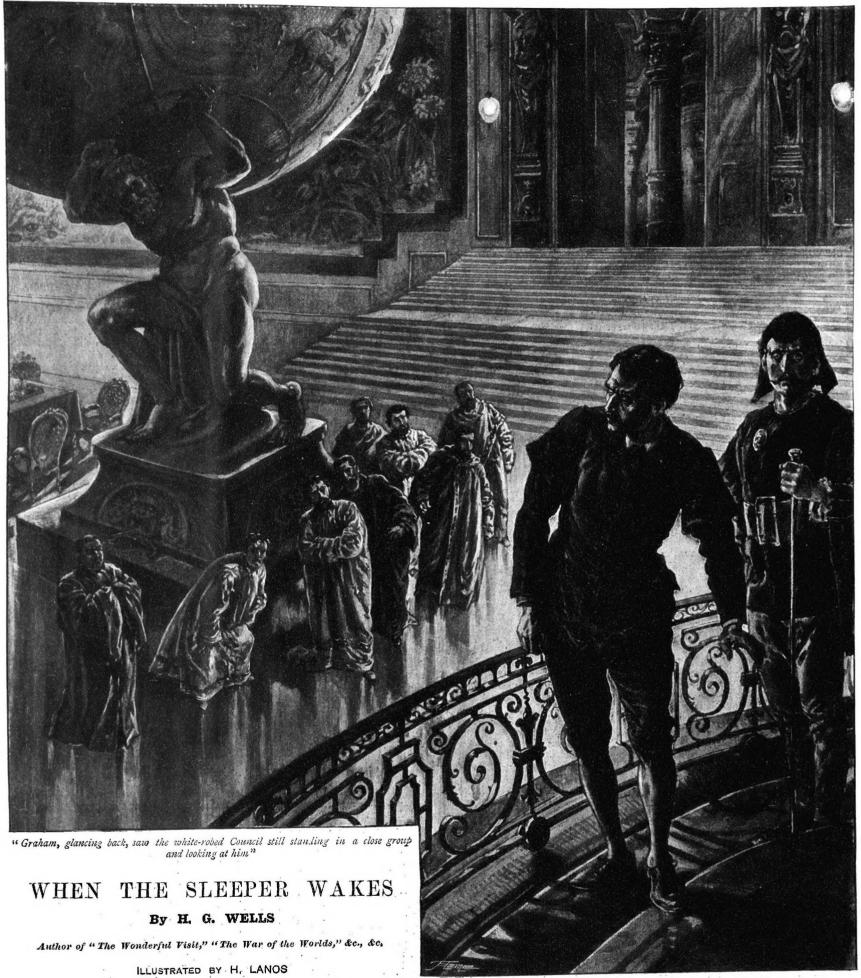
Specially do I think that the custom of floral wreaths has grown into an abuse. It is another incitement to show and expense, while the lovers of flowers must deprecate the wealth of beauty lavished to droop and moulder on a coffin. A few flowers reverently laid by relatives, a scattering of fragrant leaves, are fit and beautiful emblems, but the number of wreaths sent by acquaintances and indifferent people, who perhaps wish to advertise their intimacy with the deceased, simply cause trouble to the bereaved ones at a moment when grief rather than politeness ought to fill their minds.

The go-ahead American has done many things. He has also created a number of new employments for ladies of which our English women know nothing. In America many ladies live by dressing dolls on artistic principles, whi'e the more commonplace workers find out some form of pa'atable food of which they make a speciality. Thus Mrs. G. bakes delicious home-made bread, Mrs. B. averages a pleasant little income with potato chips, Mrs. A. cooks crullers (whatever they may be), and Mrs. F. makes pickles, sweets, and preserves. Tradesmen keep these ladies' goods, which sell well and are much appreciated. One lady delivers laundry parcels, another keeps a refined bootblacking room for ladies, another sells butter, while lady-helps, charwomen, parlourmaids, menders and darners, all find a profitable living. The idea is admirably practical, and we commend it to the English distressed gentlewomen whose cry is that they can find nothing to do. The great thing is to have a speciality and to do that special thing well. Simple, homely duties are best done by refined women, who ought not to find it difficult to compete with the coarser and less careful worker.

Civilisation has done harm to one delighful member with which nature has provided us-I mean our feet. Mrs. Meynell has made some charming remarks on the subject. Probably, few of those who view the horrible, distorted pointed toes of the boots in the shop windows, or limping painfully along find a haven of happiness at the chiropodist's, ever reflect that our feet were originally as beautiful, as supple, as prehensile as our hands. Mrs. Meynell says: -- "It is only the entirely unshod that have lively feet. The easant's feet become as dramatic as his hands. It is the foot of high life that is prim, and never lifts a heel against its dull conditions, for it has forgotten liberty. It is always in bonds and inarticulate." Feet, she tells us, formerly "were blessed and bathed, they suffered, but they were friends with the earth; dews in grass in the morning, shallows at noon, gave them coolness." Poor feet, captives of civilisation, treading in broken boots among the poor, prisoned in Parisian bottines among the rich, who will ever deliver them and institute again the sandal, the real natural protector? Pity the tender, irregular, sensitive, living foot, which is so beautiful and so basely used!

Half the world does not know the law about letting furnished houses, even the house agent himself frequently gives the wrong advice, and a vast amount of litigation is undertaken simply through ignorance of the necessary conditions. For instance, the agreement says, you let your house furnished as it stands, and yet nearly everyone removes something when the bargain is concluded. Favourite china, valuable cushions, a good piano, a costly writingtable. Some friends of mine removed some rare Dresden vases and were promptly summoned to put them back. Then you may not lock up a room, or more than two curboards, or remove any furniture of which you have not given notice. How few women especially know anything of the law as regards the e simple things, which seem to press so hardly on people when they are not understood.

There is a French room of the date of Louis XVI. filled and decorated with the furniture and ornaments of the period, to be seen in London. This French style, now so fashionable, is eminently unsuited to our mode of life, where the drawing-room is an apartment occupied by the family. These French salons were reserved for gala occasions, the decorations were excessive and a great deal of gilding formed part of the scheme. The very doors, to open à deux vallants, were intended for the formal ushering in of company. The seats were ranged stilly round the walls and a fair space left in the middle of the room. No small tables, finikin knick-nacks or photographs, and bits of silver were admissible. Let those who, desirous of being in the fashion, spend large sums on French furniture remember that it is the most expensive, the rarest to obtain genuine, and the least suited to London houses and small apartments. It can never be mixed with any other style, and necessitates a certain amount of preciseness and elaborate courtesy



[Copyright, 1899, by HARPER AND BROTHERS, in the United States of America

CHAPTER VI. - (Continued)

THE conversation lasted an interminable time to Graham's sense. His eyes rose to the still giant at whose feet the Council sat. Thence they wandered at last to the walls of the hall. It was decorated in long painted panels of a quasi-Japanese type, many of them very beautiful. Those panels were grouped in a great and elaborate framing of dark wood or metal, which passed into the metallic caryatidæ of the galleries, and the great structural lines of the interior. The facile grace of these panels enhanced the mighty white effort that laboured in the centre of the scheme. Graham's eyes came back to the Council, and Howard was descending the steps. As he drew nearer his features could be distinguished, and Graham saw that he was flushed and blowing out his cheeks. His countenance was still disturbed when presently he reappeared along

the gallery.
"This way," he said concisely, and they went on in silence to a little door that opened at their approach. The two men in red stopped on either side of this door. Howard and Graham passed in, and Graham, glancing back, saw the white-robed Council still standing in a close group and looking at him. Then the door closed behind him with a heavy thud, and for the first time since his awakening he was in silence. The floor even was noiseless to his feet.

Howard opened another door, and they were in the first of two contiguous little chambers furnished in white and green. "What Council was that?" began Graham "What were they discussing?

What have they to do with me?" Howard closed the door carefully, heaved a huge sigh, and said something in an undertone. He walked slantingways across the room and turned, blowing out his cheeks again. "Ugh!" he grunted, a man relieved.

Graham stood regarding him. Granam stood regarding nim.
"You must understand," began Howard abruptly, avoiding Graham's eyes, "that our social order is very complex. A half explanation, a bare unqualified statement would give you false impressions. As a matter of fact-it is a case of compound interest partly-your small fortune, and the fortune of your cousin Warming which was left to you-and certain other beginnings-have become very considerable. And in other ways that will be hard for you to understand, you have become a person of significance—of very considerable significance—involved in the world's affairs."

He stopped. "Yes?" said Graham.

"We have grave social troubles."

" Ves?"

- "Things have come to such a pass that, in fact, it is advisable to seclude you here."
- "Keep me prisoner!" exclaimed Graham.
 "Well—to ask you to keep in seclusion."
 Graham turned on him. "This is strange!" he said.
- "No harm will be done you."
- " No harm !"
- "But you must be kept here-"
- "While I learn my position, I presume."

- " Precisely."
- "Very well then. Begin. Why harm?"
- "Not now."
- "Why not!"
- "It is too long a story, Sire."
- "All the more reason I should begin at once. You say I am a person of importance. What was that shouting I heard? Why is a great multitude shouting and excited because my trance is over,
- and who are the men in white in that huge council chamber?"

 "All in good time, Sire," said Howard. "But not crudely, not crudely. This is one of those flimsy times when no man has a settled mind. Your awakening. No one expected your awakening. The Council is consulting."
 - "What Council?"
 - "The Council you saw."

Graham made a petulant movement. "This is not right," he

said. "I should be told what is happening."
"You must wait. Really you must wait."

Graham sat down abruptly.

"I suppose since I have waited so long to resume life," he said

shortly, "that I must wait a little longer."
"That is better," said Howard. "Yes, that is much better. And I must leave you alone. For a space. While I attend the discussion in the Council. . . . I am sorry."

He went towards the noiseless door, hesitated and vanished. Graham walked to the door, tried it, found it securely fastened in some way he never came to understand, turned about, paced the

room restlessly, made the circuit of the room, and sat down. He remained sitting for some time with folded arms and knitted brow, biting his finger nails and trying to piece together the kaleidoscopic impressions of this first hour of awakened life; the vast mechanical spaces, the endless series of chambers and passages, the great struggle that roared and splashed through these strange ways, the little group of remote unsympathetic men beneath the colossal Atlas, Howard's mysterious behaviour. There was an inkling of some vast inheritance already in his mind—a vast inheritance perhaps misapplied—of some unprecedented importance and opportunity. What had he to do? And this room's secluded silence was eloquent of imprisonment!

It came into Graham's mind with irresistible conviction that this series of magnificent impressions was a dream. He tried to shut his eyes and succeeded, but that time-honoured device led to

no awakening.

Presently he began to touch and examine all the unfamiliar appresently he began to touch and examine all the unfamiliar appression which he found pointments of the two contiguous chambers in which he found himself.

In a long oval panel of mirror he saw himself and stopped astonished. He was clad now in a graceful costume of purple and bluish white, with a little greyshot beard trimmed to a point, and his hair, its black streaked now with bands of grey, arranged over his forehead in an unfamiliar but graceful manner. He seemed a man of five-and-forty perhaps. For a moment he did not perceive this was himself.

A flash of laughter came with the recognition. "To call on old Warming like this!" he exclaimed, "and make him take me out to lunch!"

Then he thought of meeting first one and then another of the few familiar acquaintances of his early manhood, and in the midst of his amusement realised that every soul with whom he might jest had died many scores of years ago. The thought smote him abruptly and keenly; he stopped short, the expression of his face changed to a white consternation.

The tumultuous memory of the moving platforms and the huge façade of that wonderful street reasserted itself. The shouting multitudes came back clear and vivid, and those remote, inaudible unfriendly councillors in white glancing towards him. He felt himself a little figure, very small and ineffectual, pitifully conspicuous. And all about him, the world was—strange.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SILENT ROOMS

PRESENTLY Graham resumed his examination of his apartments. Curiosity kept him moving in spite of his fatigue. The inner room, he perceived, was high, and its ceiling dome shaped, with an oblong aperture in the centre, opening into a funnel in which a wheel of broad vans seemed to be rotating, apparently driving the air up the shaft. The faint humming note of its easy motion was the only clear sound in that quiet place. As these vans sprang up one after the other, Graham could get transient glimpses of the sky. He was surprised to see a star.

This drew his attention to the fact that the bright lighting of these rooms was due to a multitude of very faint glow-lamps set about the cornices. There were no windows. And he began to recall that along all the vast chambers and passages he had traversed with Howard he had observed no windows at all. Had there been windows? There were windows on the street indeed, but were they for light? Or was the whole city lit day and night for evermore, so that there was no night there? He could not clearly determine this at the time, but afterwards he found the latter alternative was the case.

And another thing dawned upon him. There was no fireplace in either room. Was the season summer, and were these merely summer apartments, or was the whole city uniformly heated or cooled? He became interested in these questions, began examining the smooth texture of the walls, the simply constructed bed, the ingenious arrangements by which the labour of bedroom service was practically abolished. The air was sweet and pleasing and free from any sense of dust. And over everything was a curious absence of deliberate ornament, a bare grace of form and colour, that he found very pleasing to the eye. There were several comfortable chairs, a light table on silent runners carrying bottles of fluid and glasses, and two plates bearing a clear substance like jelly. Then he noticed there were no books, no newspapers, no writing materials. "The world has changed indeed," he said.

He observed one entire side of the outer room was set with rows of peculiar double cylinders in racks inscribed with green lettering on white that harmonised with the decorative scheme of the room, and in the centre of this side projected a little apparatus about a yard square and having a white smooth face to the room. A chair faced this. He had a transitory idea that these cylinders might be books, or a modern substitute for books, but at first it did not

The lettering on the cylinders puzzled him. At first sight it seemed like Russian. Then he noticed a suggestion of mutilated English about certain of the words.

"θi Man huwdbi Kin,"

forced itself on him as "The Man who would be King." "Phonetic spelling," he said. He remembered reading a story with that title, then he recalled the story vividly, one of the best stories in the world. But this thing before him was not a book as he understood it.

He puzzled over the peculiar cylinder for some time and replaced it. Then he turned to the square apparatus and examined that. He opened a sort of lid and found one of the double cylinders within, and on the upper edge a little stud like the stud of an electric bell. He pressed this and a rapid clicking began and ceased. He became aware of voices and music, and noticed a play of colour on the smooth front face. He suddenly realised what this might be, and stepped back to regard it.

On the flat surface was now a little picture, very vividly coloured, and in this picture were figures that moved. Not only did they move, but they were conversing in clear small voices. It was exactly like reality viewed through an inverted opera glass and heard through a long tube. His interest was seized at once by the situation, which presented a man pacing up and down and vociferating

angry things to a pretty but petulant-looking woman. were in the picturesque costume that seemed so strange to Graham. "I have worked," said the man, "but what have you been

doing?"
"Ah!" said Graham. He forgot everything else, and sat down in the chair. Within five minutes he heard himself named, heard when the Sleeper wakes," used jestingly as a proverb for remote postponement, and passed himself by, a thing remote and incredible. But in a little while he knew those two people like intimate

At last the miniature drama came to an end, and the square face

of the apparatus was blank again. It was a strange world into which he had been permitted to see, unscrupulous, pleasure-seeking, energetic, subtle, a world too of dire economic struggle; there were allusions he did not understand, incidents that conveyed strange suggestions of altered moral ideals, flashes of dubious enlightenment. The blue canvas that bulked so largely in his first impression of the city ways appeared again and again as the costume of the common people. He had no doubt the story was contemporary, and its intense realism was undeniable. And the end had been a tragedy that oppressed him. He sat staring

He started and rubbed his eyes. He had been so absorbed in the latter-day substitute for a novel, that he awoke to the little green and white room with more than a touch of the surprise of his first

awakening. He stood up, and abruptly he was back in his own wonderland. The clearness of the kinetoscope drama passed, and the struggle in the vast place of streets, the ambiguous Council, the swift phases of his waking hour, came back. These people had spoken of the Council with suggestions of a vague universality of power. And they had spoken of the Sleeper; it had really not struck him vividly at the time that he was the Sleeper. He had to recall precisely what

intervals of the revolving fan. As the fan swept round, a dim turmoil like the noise of machinery came in rhythmic eddies. All else was silence. Though the perpetual day still irradiated his now apartments, he perceived the little intermittent strip of sky was deep blue-black almost, and set with faint stars. He concluded the time must be far on in the night.

But he was neither hungry nor sleepy. He resumed his examina-tion of the rooms. He could find no way of opening the padded door, no bell nor other means of calling for attendance. His feeling of wonder was in abeyance; but he was curious, anxious for information. He wanted to know exactly how he stood to these new things. He tried to compose himself to wait until someone came to him. Presently he became restless and eager for information, for distraction, for fresh sensations.

He went back to the apparatus in the other room, and had soon puzzled out the method of replacing the cylinders by others. As he did so, it came into his mind that it was these little appliances had fixed the language so that it was still clear and understandable after two hundred years. The haphazard cylinders he substituted displayed a musical fantasia. At first it was beautiful, and then it was sensuous. He presently recognised what appeared to him to be an altered version of the story of Tannhauser. The music was unfamiliar. But the rendering was realistic, and with a contemporary unfamiliarity. Tannhauser did not go to a Venusberg, but to a What was a Pleasure City? A dream, surely, the fancy of a fantastic, voluptuous writer.

He became interested, curious. The story developed with a

flavour of strangely twisted sentimentality. Suddenly he did not like it. He liked it less as it proceeded.

He had a revulsion of feeling. There were no pictures, no idealisations, but photographed realities. He wanted no more of the twenty-second century Venusberg. He forgot the part played by the model in nineteenth century art, and gave way to an archaic indignation. He rose, angry and half-ashamed at himself for witnessing this thing even in solitude. He pulled forward the apparatus, and with some violence sought for a means of stopping its action. Something snapped. A violet spark stung and convulsed his arm and the thing was still. When he attempted next day to replace these Tannhauser cylinders by another pair he found the apparatus broken. . .

He had come upon strange times. He struck out a path oblique to the room and paced to and fro, struggling with intolerable vast impressions. The things he had derived from the cylinders and the things he had seen conflicted, confused him. It seemed to him the most amazing thing of all that in his thirty years of life he had never tried to shape a picture of these coming times. "We were making the future," he said, "and hardly any of us troubled to think what future we were making. And here it is!"

"What have they got to, what has been done? How do I come into the midst of it all?" The vastness of street and house he was prepared for, the multitudes of people. But conflicts in the city ways! And the systematised sensuality of a class of rich men!

He thought of Bellamy, the hero of whose Socialistic Utopia had so oddly anticipated this actual experience. But here was no Utopia, no Socialistic state. He had already seen enough to realise that the ancient antithesis of luxury, waste and sensuality on the one hand and abject poverty on the other, still prevailed. He knew enough of the essential factors of life to understand that correlation. And not only were the buildings of the city gigantic and the crowds in the street gigantic, but the voices he had heard in the ways, the uneasiness of Howard, the very atmosphere spoke of gigantic discontent. What country was he in? Still England it seemed, aud yet strangely "un-English." His mind glanced at the rest of the world, and saw only an enigmatical veil.

He prowled about his apartment, examining everything as a caged animal might do. He felt very tired, felt that feverish exhaustion that does not admit of rest. He listened for long spaces under the ventilator to catch some distant echo of the tumults he

felt must be proceeding in the city. The strangeness of his experience came to dominate his mind. He began to talk to himself. "Two hundred and three years!" he said to himself over and over again, laughing stupidly. "Then I am two hundred and thirty-three years old! The oldest inhabitant! Surely they haven't reversed the tendency of our time and gone back to the rule of the oldest. My claims are indisputable. Mumble,

mumble. I remember the Armenian atrocities as though it was yesterday. 'Tis a great age! Haha!" He was surprised at first to hear himself laughing, and then laughed again deliberately and louder. Then he realised that he was behaving foolishly, "Steady," he said. "Steady!"

His pacing became more regular. "This new world," he said.

"I don't understand it. Why? But it is all why!"
"I suppose they can fly and do all sorts of things."

"Let me try and remember just how it began." He was surprised at first to find how vague the memories of his first thirty years had become. He remembered fragments, for the most part trivial moments, things of no great importance that he had observed. His boyhood seemed the most accessible at first, he recalled school books and certain lessons in chemistry. Then he revived the more salient features of his life, memories of the wife long since dead, her magic influence now gone beyond corruption, of his rivals and friends and betrayers, of the swift decision of this issue and that, and then of his last years of misery, of fluctuating resolves, and at last of his strenuous studies. In a little while he perceived he had it all again; dim perhaps, like metal long laid aside, but in no way defective or injured, capable of re-polishing. And the hue of it was a deepening misery. Was it worth re-polishing? By a miracle he had been lifted out of a life that had become intolerable.

He reverted to his present condition. He wrestled with the facts in vain. It became an inextricable tangle. He saw the sky through the ventilator pink with dawn. An old persuasion came out of the dark recesses of his memory. "I must sleep," he said. It appeared as a delightful relief from this mental distress and from the growing pain and heaviness of his limbs. He went to the strange little bed, lay down and was presently asleep.

He was destined to become very familiar indeed with these apartments before he left them, for he remained imprisoned for three days. During that time no one, except Howard, entered his prison. The marvel of his fate mingled with and in some way minimised the marvel of his survival. He had awakened to mankind it seemed only to be snatched away into this unaccountable solitude. Howard came regularly with subtly sustaining and nutritive fluids, and light and pleasant foods, quite strange to Graham. He always closed the door carefully as he entered. On matters of detail he was increasingly obliging, but the bearing of Graham on the great issues that were evidently being contested so closely beyond the sound-proof walls that enclosed him, he would not elucidate. He evaded, as politely as possible, every question of the position of affairs in the outer world.

And in those three days Graham's incessant thoughts went wide and far. All that he had seen, all this elaborate contrivance to prevent him seeing, worked together in his mind. Almost every possible interpretation of his position was debated in his mind-even as it chanced, the right interpretation. Things that presently happened to him, came to him at least credible, by virtue of this seclusion. When at last the moment of his release arrived, it found him prepared. He was no longer passive and enfeebled but alert, and very speedily a participator in the great drama that played about him.

Howard's bearing went far to deepen Graham's impression of his own strange importance; the door between its opening and closing seemed to admit with him a breath of momentous happening. His inquiries became more definite and searching. Howard retreated through protests and difficulties. The awakening was unforeseen, he repeated; it happened to have fallen in with the trend of a social convulsion. "To explain it I must tell you the history of a gross and a half of years," protested Howard.
"The thing is this," said Graham. "You are afraid of some-

thing I shall do. In some way I am arbitrator—I might be arbi-

"It is not that. But you have-I may tell you this much-the automatic increase of your property puts great possibilities of interference in your hands. And in certain other ways you have influence, with your eighteenth century notions."

"Nineteenth century," corrected Graham.
"With your old world notions, anyhow, ignorant as you are of every feature of our State."

" Am I a fool?" "Certainly not."

"Do I seem to be the sort of man who would act rashly?"

"You were never expected to act at all. No one counted on your awakening. No one dreamt you would ever wake. The Council had surrounded you with antiseptic conditions. As a matter of fact, we thought that you were dead-a mere arrest of decay. And—but it is too complex. We dare not suddenly—while you are

"It won't do," said Graham. "Suppose it is as you say-why am I not being crammed night and day with facts and warnings and all the wisdom of the time to fit me for my responsibilities? I any wiser now than two days ago, if it is two days, when I awoke?"

Howard pulled his lip.
"I am beginning to feel—every hour I feel more clearly—a sense of complex concealment of which you are the salient point. Is your precious Council, or committee, or whatever they are, cooking the accounts of my estate? Is that it?"

" said Howard. That note of suspicious-

"Ugh!" said Graham. "Now, mark my words, it will be ill for those who have put me here. It will be ill. I am alive. Make no doubt of it, I am alive. Every day my pulse is stronger and my mind clearer and more vigorous. No more quiescence. I am a man come back to life. And I want to live-" Live!"

Howard's face lit with an idea. He came towards Graham and

spoke in an easy confidential tone.

"The Council secludes you here-for your good. You are restless. Naturally-an energetic man! You find it dull here. But we are anxious that everything you may desire-every desire-every sort of desire. There may be something. Is there any sort of company?

He paused meaningly.
"Yes," said Graham thoughtfully. "There is." "Ah! Now! We have treated you neglectfully."

"The crowds in yonder streets of yours." "That," said Howard, "I am afraid ---. ButGraham began pacing the room.

Everything you say, everything you do, convinces me—of some great issue in which I am concerned. Yes, I know. Desires and indulgence are life in a sense—and Death! Extinction! In my life before I slept I had worked out that pitiful question. I will not begin again. There is a city, a multitude—— And meanwhile I am here like a rabbit in a bag."

His rage surged high. He choked for a moment and began to wave his clenched fists. He gave way to an anger fit, he swore

archaic curses. His gestures had the quality of physical threats.

"I do not know who your party may be. I am in the dark, and you keep me in the dark. But I know this, that I am secluded here for no good purpose. For no good purpose. I warn you, I warn you of the consequences. Once I come at my power-

He realised that to threaten thus might be a danger to himself. He stopped. Howard stood regarding him with a curious expression. "I take it this is a message to the Council," said Howard.

Graham had a momentary impulse to leap upon the man, fell or stun him. It must have shown upon his face; at any rate Howard's movement was quick. In a second the noiseless door had closed again, and the man from the nineteenth century was alone.

For a moment he stood rigid, with clenched hands half raised. Then he flung them down. "What a fool I have been!" he said, and gave way to his anger again, stamping about the room and shouting curses. For a long time he kept himself in a sort of

behaviour, sinister glances, inexplicable hesitations. Then, for a time, his mind circled about the idea of escaping from these rooms; but whither could he escape into this vast, crowded, world? He would be worse off than a Saxon yeoman suddenly dropped into nineteenth century London. And besides, how could anyone escape from these rooms?

"How can it benefit anyone if harm should happen to me?"

He thought of the tumult, the great social trouble of which he was so unaccountably the axis. A text, irrelevant enough and yet curiously insistent, came floating up out of the darkness of his

memory. This also a Council had said:
"It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people."

(To be continued)

The Bystander

"Stand by."-CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

In the last volume of the new edition of Thackeray's works copious allusion is made to his lectures. This recalls to my mind Then he had some difficulty in turning the handle. I saw my opportunity, and bounded forward and expertly closed the door, "Thank you very much!" said the distinguished novelist, and turning to the driver he added "Garrick Club!" And I went home gloriously happy in not only having seen the author of "Tne Newcomes," but in being supremely honoured in having four words addressed especially to myself. I do not think we have so much enthusiasm in the present day, or possibly we have not authors sufficiently great to awake it.

The Work and General Purposes Committee of the Vestry of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, seem to be fully alive to the dangers of the gigantic advertisement hoarding to which I called attention last week. Their recommendation to the effect that it "be a standing order of the Vestry that no hoarding upon or over the public highway be sanctioned under any circumstances of a greater height than twelve feet, without the previous sanction of the Works Committee," is an excellent one, but the responsibility of making the aforesaid hoarding perfectly safeunder any circumstances of wind and weather should devolve upon its constructors, and they should be held liable for any accident that might take place in consequence of its erection. It is quite bad enough that we should have pleasant country places besmirched and made hideous by the irrepressible advertiser, but when he not only does this, but imperils our lives and our limbs in town, it is time for en rgetic protest.



CANADIAN WINTER SCENE: WEST AVENUE, HAMILTON, AFTER A SNOWSTORM

calmly at his position. He clung to his anger-because he was

afraid of Fear. Presently he found himself reasoning with himself. This imprisonment was unaccountable, but no doubt the legal tormsnew legal forms-of the time permitted it. It must, of course, be legal. These people were two hundred years further on in the march of civilisation than the Victorian generation. It was not likely they would be less-humane. His imagination set to work to suggest things that might be done to him. The attempts of his reason to dispose of these suggestions, though for the most part logically valid, were quite unavailing. "Why should anything be done to me?'

"If the worst comes to the worst," he found himself saying at last, "I can give up what they want. But what do they want? And why don't they ask me for it instead of cooping me up?

He returned to his former preoccupation with the Council's possible intentions. He began to reconsider the details of Howard's

frenzy, raging at his position, at his own folly, at the knaves who that the first time I ever saw the author of "Vanity Fair" was at a alluded to is as clear as if it happened only yesterday. In those days of my boyhood my favourite authors were Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray, and they continue to occupy the same position in my admiration even unto the present day. I recollect with all the enthusiasm of youth I took a platform ticket in order to be as near the great man as possible. After the lecture, which was an admirable one entitled "Humour and Charity," my way from the platform lay through a dimly lighted tank-like anteroom, and there I found the lecturer enveloping himself in a hairy garment, which used to be known as a Poncho wrapper, and just departing. With the utmost reverence I followed him at a respectful distance down a narrow thoroughfare into Fenchurch Street. It had been raining all day, and the pavement was wet and glistening, and I can at this moment see the reflection of that tall figure as it slowly walked in front of me. Presently a four-wheeler came along, and my hero hailed it, opened the door and got in.

Indeed the foot-passenger in London, who ought to be the first had imprisoned him. He did this because he did not want to look lecture he delivered at Sussex Hall in Leadenhall Street. I am not to be considered, is more neglected than anyone else. He suffers lecture he delivered at Sussex Hall in Leadennan Street. I am he certain whether the hall still exists, but my memory of the occasion all sorts of perils, all kinds of indignities, every description of inconvenience, and no one thinks of suggesting that he should receive any sort of compensation. Now for the last two or three years they have been erecting a gigantic hotel at the bottom of the Haymarket, and the builders have taken possession of the public pavement and have ruined the boots of ratepayers by the varied footways-all more or less excruciating-that they have laid down for their accommodation. This week they have converted the sidewalk into a sort of Slough of Despond through which we have been compelled to wade. How long we shall have to suffer from this despotism I am unable to say. But what I want to know is, do the builders alluded to pay any compensation to the parish for their annexation of the public pathway? If not, why do they not compensate the ratepayers? If they like to send me three dozen pairs of shoes, which I have had ruined by their operations, I will undertake to say nothing more about the matter.